

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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## ENDOWED COMPETITIONS AT THE UNIVERSITIES, AND THEIR RESULTS.

THE publication of the evidence collected by the Royal Commission on the revenues of Oxford and Cambridge is pretty sure to excite considerable outcry, and lead to many proposals for altering the mode in which the incomes of those Universities are distributed. Prior to the appearance of the Report we may, I think, advantageously discuss the salient feature which distinguishes our two ancient Universities from all others: their system of annually spending an enormous sum in rewarding success in competitive examinations.

Before any scheme for reorganization is seriously proposed, there ought to exist substantial agreement among University Reformers as to the proper destination of Fellowship and Scholarship funds. The following paper is a contribution towards the attainment of a greater approach to unanimity on this subject than has as yet been reached. The point of view from which it is written is that of a Cambridge man belonging to the scientific moiety of his University.<sup>1</sup>

As the result of success in a single examination, a man of three or four

and twenty is elected into the governing body of a College, and has thus committed to him an educational trust of great national importance. He steps at once into an income of from two to three hundred a year, to which, as a rule, no duties whatever, and no conditions save that of celibacy, are attached. The nature and length of the tenure of Fellowships varies very much at different Colleges. A layman cannot generally remain a Fellow longer than ten years, unless he has held some educational or administrative office in his College for an assigned period. The taking of Priests' Orders in the Church of England, within a given time after election, qualifies, at many Colleges, for the life-long holding of a Fellowship. The teaching posts within the Colleges are, with rare exceptions, conferred exclusively on Fellows; and, at some Colleges, the celibacy restriction has been removed and a life tenure introduced in the case of the holders of such offices, whether clergymen or not. Thus a Fellowship, once gained, may lead to a good share of College power and profit, and, in the opposite event, will certainly ensure, for a considerable number of years, an absolutely sinecure income, which its holder is as free to spend in London, Paris, or New York, as within the precincts of his University. In no other walk of life are such prizes accessible on such terms: no wonder,

<sup>1</sup> Without affecting the accuracy of information which the Royal Commission was appointed to secure, it may safely be assumed that fully 100,000*l.* is spent annually in Cambridge in Fellowships and Scholarships—about 80,000*l.* going to the former and 20,000*l.* to the latter.

them; that the competition for them is excessively severe, and profoundly affects the whole structure, both of study and of examination, at the national Universities. Let us examine some of the ways in which this result is brought about.

In the first place, a number of able men are bribed by the prospect thus held out to them into devoting themselves unremittingly, for several years, to the study of either classics or mathematics, the only subjects, as matters stand at present, in which success can be depended on to ensure a Fellowship. Now, even if the old-fashioned theory which regarded these two branches of knowledge as indispensable agencies of the highest training could be sustained at the present day, this would in no wise justify the Universities in holding up before their ablest scholars a mercenary standard, and persuading them, in act if not in word, that learning is lucre. One of the most eminent services which the German Universities, possessed of no national trust-funds wherewith to make annual money-scrambles, are able to render to the German people consists in setting before them, both in theory and in practice, a high unselfish ideal of scholarly excellence. In England we have a right to expect that our great Universities shall raise up a standard against the Ploutolatry which seems coming in like a flood upon us: we may and must *insist* that they shall not make common cause with the enemy.

I am, however, very far from admitting that classics and mathematics possess, as objects of *advanced* study at the University, any inherent right divine whatever. On the contrary, I believe that, but for the artificial vogue given to them by our bribing system, they would have already taken up in England the position of professional studies (*Fachstudien*) which they now occupy at the German Universities. Advanced classical scholarship is cultivated there only by those students whose life is to be spent in teaching the languages, and expounding the literatures, of Greece and Rome. The higher

branches of mathematics form the special study of that goodly company which looks forward to a settlement for life on some favourite spot in the vast domain of physical science. It is, I think, so generally agreed that an intending lawyer, doctor, or statesman does ill in devoting the crowning years of his period of direct training to the dissection of dead languages and extinct civilizations, that the point no longer needs arguing. As, however, a portion of the superstitious reverence which formerly attached to classics seems now to be settling down upon mathematics, it will be worth while to examine to what extent this subject ought to be studied in *general*, as opposed to *professional*, education.

Dr. Whewell, in a little-read, but sound and suggestive book,<sup>1</sup> published in 1837, pointed out with remarkable clearness the causes which give to the study of exact science its educational value. One of the most important of these is the distinct and sharply-defined meaning assigned to every term used. When, in a train of reasoning, the mental conceptions corresponding to the terms employed are kept clearly and continuously in view, and the conclusion arrived at springs directly out of the relations which those conceptions bear to each other, we have, according to Dr. Whewell, a process of the highest educational utility. On the contrary, he assigns the lowest value to the kind of reasoning which reaches its conclusion without requiring this steady and unrelaxing grasp of the ideas with which it deals. This distinction may appear, at first sight, somewhat superfluous, since accuracy of conception is the essence of all scientific reasoning. Nevertheless, the nature of the progress made by the mathematical sciences since the time of Newton gives it abundant justification. This progress is due to the almost exclusive domination of *analysis*. The essence of this powerful and highly-developed method of investigation consists in its representing the mental con-

<sup>1</sup> "Principles of English University Education."

ceptions involved in any inquiry to which it is applied by certain symbols. These symbols are then treated according to fixed rules entirely independent of the nature of the problem under discussion, and the same whether we are investigating the motion of a planet, the flow of a river, or the tints of a coloured fringe of light. During the process, the meaning of our symbols is of no importance; we may even be unconscious that they possess any meaning at all; and, only when the analytical instrument has performed its task, need we ascertain what our symbols stand for, and translate into mental conceptions the result to which it has conducted us. A scientific inquiry carried on by the aid of the method just described involves, therefore, three steps: the reduction of the data of the problem to a symbolic form; the application of the analytical process; and the return to non-symbolic expression. Only during the first and concluding stages are we directly dealing with the conditions of the problem before us; during the second we, as it were, hand these over to a self-acting machine which is capable of working them up into a finished result. On the other hand, in the old geometrical methods used before the invention of the differential calculus, a concrete conception was steadily kept in view from one end of the inquiry to the other. This method, however, though admirable for the clear exposition of known elementary laws, proved inadequate as an instrument of research, or even as a means of demonstration in the higher regions of scientific truth. Accordingly, it has for these purposes been completely superseded by modern analysis. From the time when Newton laid its foundations up to the present day, that great engine of calculation has been the object of unremitting labour at the hands of the most distinguished mathematicians. Its powers have been greatly increased, its field of operation enormously extended. Unfortunately this advance has been accompanied by a proportionate increase of complexity and intricacy in the processes employed, and this in so

extreme a degree that to call out the highest powers of the instrument in original research is a task to which genius alone is competent; while even to understand the nature of its working in the hands of a master requires years of preparatory study. These considerations appear plainly to indicate that a detailed acquaintance with the methods of analytical calculation ought to be regarded—like the anatomist's minute knowledge of the human frame, or the musical theorist's familiarity with the powers of every instrument in the orchestra—as a distinctly *professional*, not as an *educational* attainment. Those only who intend to devote their lives to research or exposition in the domain of the exact sciences, ought laboriously to acquaint themselves with the results attained in the chief departments of analysis, and endeavour after practical mastery over its processes.

The course of reading gone through by candidates for high mathematical honours at Cambridge involves, except in its earliest stages, the constant use of symbolic methods, and travels into the highest regions of analysis. The progress of research, by bringing fresh discoveries within the limits of the examination, tends to elbow out those portions of pure and mixed mathematics which, by virtue of the geometrical mode of treatment applied to them, and the clearness and definiteness of conception thence attained, alone possess a pre-eminent educational value. If, therefore, it is desirable, as I think it is, that students of first-rate ability, who are not destined for a scientific career, should give a certain amount of their time to the study of exact science, we ought to encourage them to concentrate their attention on the fruitful elementary parts of it from which they are likely to derive the greatest intellectual benefit. The honours and attendant rewards of the Tripos exert their influence in *precisely the opposite direction*.

The Fellowship system happens in Cambridge, owing to local and temporary circumstances, to stimulate artificially certain arbitrarily-selected

branches of study. It will be easy to show, however, that even were this evil corrected, there must remain others of a still graver character which are inseparable from that system. The mode in which a subject is taught will always practically be decided by the student's aim in taking it up. In Cambridge, the main object of all the ablest undergraduates is a high place in the final competition for honours. The principle of emulation, stimulated by the prospect of reward, carries all before it; and the love of scientific truth is rudely pushed aside by desire for the golden prizes which, in the intellectual athletics annually held at our seats of learning, replace the parsley garlands of Olympia. The system of teaching and study, or, to describe it more accurately, of training and practice, in which an enterprising student is immersed from the moment of his entrance at the University, is moulded with the utmost care on the requirements of the Tripos examination. The formidably numerous "subjects" are minutely gone over by the trainer, and the portions of them likely to be "set" in the all-important examination carefully mapped out, in order to guide the student's steps and prevent his wasting his time on what has merely a historical or purely scientific interest.

In this way a special literature of Manuals has come into existence, mainly the work of private tutors, or of those who aspire to be such, and betraying unmistakeably the examination-ridden nature of their origin, even when it is not explicitly asserted in the preface. A treatise of this class, after rejecting whatever parts of the subject are unsuitable for examination purposes, aims at arranging the rest in a series of distinct propositions fit for exact reproduction in the Senate-house. Each demonstration is made, as far as possible, independent of those which precede it, in order that an examinee, when asked to establish the proposition to which it relates, need spend no time on collateral questions which will not bring him any "marks." The student's

task is by no means limited to *understanding* every step in the reasoning of such a manual. His success in the final examination greatly depends on his being able, at a moment's notice, to reproduce its propositions accurately on paper; and any delay, caused either by failure of memory or slowness in writing, may enable a competitor to pass him in what the late Professor De Morgan used to call "The Great Writing-Race." Hence, assiduous practice to insure "pace in writing out bookwork," forms an essential element of the training to be gone through. The private tutor prescribes a fixed series of manuals, corresponding to the array of subjects included in the Senate-house examination, and through these the student is dragged without any intermission, from term to vacation, from vacation to term, with no more independent exercise of volition than a railway-train at the tail of a locomotive.

In addition to the above requirements, examples directly illustrating the propositions of the manuals ("riders"), and questions of a freer and more general character ("problems"), are placed before the candidates for mathematical honours. Since, however, the nature of the examination inevitably much limits the range of what can be set under the last two heads; and, moreover, through the exertions of the private tutors, the riders and problems of one year are constantly becoming absorbed into the bookwork of the next, examiners in quest of suitable novelties are forced to take refuge in questions either of excessive difficulty or involving conceptions of an utterly unpractical kind.

The inferiority of the training supplied by a system like that just described to the generous and ennobling culture which a free study of scientific truth confers on those who love that truth for its own sake, can hardly be too strongly insisted on. And first, it replaces the original works of the great masters of science by dry compendiums, and thus deprives the student of that direct intercourse with some of the



grandest minds ever sent into the world by the Father of Lights, which is pre-eminently efficacious in kindling and sustaining a high and unselfish enthusiasm. The manual may arrange its propositions in a more logical order, and demonstrate them with greater ease and expedition; but this is no equivalent for the sight presented to us, in the writings of discoverers, of the man of genius wrestling in personal conflict with a hitherto unconquered difficulty, and, after many a foil, at last victorious. The very mistakes and failures of such a man are often more fruitful in suggestions of masterly expedients, than is the cut-and-dried routine which summarizes and methodizes his discoveries. Unfortunately for Cambridge, she has allowed the examination incubus so completely to stifle the true historical method of teaching science, that her students utterly neglect, and are encouraged by their trainers in neglecting, the original works of the great pioneers, of whose very names, indeed, the majority of them are probably ignorant.

When we consider how severe is the strain which must be undergone in order to reach even moderate success in any of the open professions, in their present overcrowded condition, the unwisdom of deliberately submitting the best heads among the rising generation to a preliminary and perfectly needless competitive ordeal, is most glaringly manifest. The course of training for mathematical honours at Cambridge entails an exceptionally severe and long-continued strain, not due, indeed, to the nature of the subjects it prescribes to be read, but to the enormous demands made upon the memory. A candidate for a high degree must, when the end of his three years' probation arrives, be ready to produce, at a moment's notice, any important proposition, proof, or process of calculation contained within the whole range of the subjects which enter into the examination.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The following are taken up by all the best-prepared men:—Euclid, Arithmetic, Algebra, Plane and Spherical Trigonometry, Theory of

The feat to be performed reminds one, instinctively, of a Chinese juggler keeping ten or a dozen balls in the air at the same time. It involves a sickening effort of memory, to say nothing of the precious time wasted, as far as any permanent benefit is concerned, in practising it. The examination, which lasts nine days, with a break of ten days between the fourth and fifth, is a most trying ordeal, and leaves many of its victims quite worn out and exhausted. Some "break down" during the examination itself, others go through a subsequent period of languor and depression. The list of those "killed" outright in the action may be small, but if that of the "wounded" could be completely made up—if we could trace in after life the results of these gladiatorial conflicts, around which academic tradition casts so dangerous a halo of glory—we should, I have no manner of doubt, stand aghast at the sight.

The amount of matter to be mastered by a candidate for high mathematical honours is, as has been already said, so large, that, throughout his University course, he is kept unremittingly at work in the harness of his trainer, whose duty it is never to allow him to stray off the dusty beaten track of the Senate-house highroad into the green by-paths and among the blooming hedgerows of independent study. If occasionally irrepressible originality insists on breaking bounds and following its own bent, a lamentation is raised over "poor So-and-so, who *would* waste his time in making experiments, or in reading wide of the examination, and, in consequence, spoil his Degree or missed his Fellowship!"

The direct tendency of this nursing system is to discourage original talent, by forcing it inexorably through a fixed

Equations, Analytical Geometry, Finite Differences, Differential and Integral Calculus, Differential Equations, Statics, Hydrostatics, Dynamics, Optics, and Astronomy. Those who have time to spare devote it to any of the following subjects—Calculus of Variations, Theory of Probability, Hydrodynamics, Acoustics, Physical Optics, Waves and Tides, Theory of Elastic Solids, Heat, Electricity, and Magnetism.

routine; to engender narrow-mindedness by the exclusion of collateral studies; and to intensify that petty local vanity which attaches a ludicrously exaggerated importance to academic distinctions, and measures a man, not by the solid achievements performed in the maturity of his powers, but by the result of a barren examination-feat achieved at three-and-twenty. A success of this kind may sometimes prove a most serious misfortune to its victim, by deluding him into fancying himself registered for life as the unquestioned superior of men, to whom in every respect, save the power of making Latin verses, or solving differential equations, he is hopelessly and dismally inferior.

Many complaints have been made of late, and with very good reason, of the dearth of original research in the English, as compared with the German, Universities. I believe this dearth to be directly due to the influences just described. Original research does not come by the light of nature, except to men of absolute genius. It must be learned by carefully studying the methods of the greatest discoverers and investigators, and seeking to apply them in actual practice. It has been seen that our honours' course, far from promoting such work, discourages it to the utmost, and that our Fellowship system, as it is worked at most Colleges,<sup>1</sup> holds out to the student a strong money temptation to neglect it. Nor has the successful examinee, when installed as a College lecturer, the least inducement offered him to embark in original research, but the very opposite. He is at once set to teach to others the acquirements which gained him his own place; and his pupils, whose goal is just what his was a year or two before, want the examination-curriculum pure and simple, and would probably desert his lecture-room were he to give them new matter of his

own, which they could not calculate on turning into marks. The leisure time which he might, under a freer system, devote to original work, is, to a great extent, absorbed by the necessity of taking his share in conducting never-ending College and University examinations—one of the hardest and worst paid of all possible employments.

Finally, no professional advancement is to be gained by success in original research, unless of the most exceptionally brilliant kind. The tuitional posts in the Colleges are filled up according to the results of the Degree and Fellowship examinations, and promotion afterwards goes by seniority, so that the merest routineer, when once elected into the educational staff, has exactly the same prospect of a Tutorship<sup>1</sup> as a colleague who devotes himself actively to research. The University Professorships are so few, and other qualifications besides ability to perform the duties pertaining to them sometimes play so influential a part in elections to "chairs," that they may be said practically to offer little inducement to an aspirant to take up any line of independent inquiry.

In Germany we meet with a state of things exactly opposite to that above described. The Universities have no funds to distribute among their graduating students, and hold it to be no part of their duty to arrange them in order of success in a particular examination, or set of examinations, so as to keep a kind of register-office for under-masters and inspectors of schools. Accordingly, competitive examinations do not exist at the German Universities. This difference between their system and our own is vital, and gives to the work of both professors and students a dignity, freedom, and freshness, which we, staggering along with our competitive old man of the sea firmly established on our backs, may sigh for, but cannot hope to attain. The one recognized duty of a German

<sup>1</sup> At Trinity College, where the Fellowships are awarded after a special examination, account will henceforth be taken of any original work performed by candidates, and sent in to the governing body some months prior to the examination.

<sup>1</sup> A Tutorship, being essentially an *administrative* post, is extremely ill-fitted to be the reward of a man who has been long immersed in the absorbing pursuits of original research.

professor is to present his subject in the most clear, consecutive, and attractive form possible. He selects freely whatever department of it he is specially familiar with, or thinks the state of knowledge at the time being requires to be laid stress upon. He illustrates it with historical or collateral details, to whatever extent he chooses, and, if he has made any original researches in connection with it, he unreservedly communicates them to his hearers. I cannot deny myself the pleasure of saying with what delight I visited the laboratory of the Professor of Physics at Jena, and found the walls studded with photographs of the great discoverers in his department, and, in the hands of his students, a manual compiled by the professor himself, in which the main results attained by each pioneer were carefully indicated, and a few incidents of his life grouped around them. The whole subject, kindled under his hands into a heart-warming glow, and a glance at the bright young faces of his hearers, sufficed to show that they rewarded his enthusiastic devotion with eager interest and manly personal attachment.

The passage of a German lad from school to the University constitutes for him a most marked æra of intellectual emancipation. He leaves behind the season of allotted tasks and fixed routine, and sets out on a course of free activity. He quits the tutelage of masters and governors to enter on an heritage of intellectual independence. He is not, indeed, deprived of the assistance of his elders: the professors are there to counsel him, but their advice must be *sought*; it is forced upon no one. In this way the German student learns to swim without corks, and, though, no doubt, he gets many a mouthful of sea-water during the process, he is prepared, when the time comes, to go boldly out into the deepest water alone. The English system by its constant direction of the student's aim, and its perpetual supervision of his work, protracts into early manhood an attitude of passive mental receptivity which is appropriate only to

an earlier season of life. In Germany the student's powers are carefully husbanded for employment in the serious toils and struggles of mature intellectual life: in England they are wasted in a ruinous and unmeaning rivalry of stripplings.

I have endeavoured to show the deteriorating effect which a violently competitive system exercises on the mode in which a great department of knowledge is both taught and studied under its influence. If the results are such as I have described them in the case of the particular instance selected, that of the exact sciences, there arises immediately a strong presumption that, in other branches which form the subjects of honours' examinations, the evil will be still more serious. Of all bodies of permanently acquired truth the sciences of demonstration, by their very structure, afford the smallest field for the exercise of mere memory. Subjects like philology, history, moral philosophy, and natural science, on the contrary, when forming the matter of competitive examinations, almost inevitably play into the hands of the recollecting faculty, and are, therefore, likely to be more rapidly and deeply deteriorated under the stimulus of competition than are the exact sciences. It follows from these considerations that the mathematical Tripos, from which our conclusions have been drawn, is, of all the honours' examinations, precisely the one likely *a priori* to yield results least unfavourable to the existing state of things.

The evils enumerated in the survey just completed have been shown to flow directly out of the system of conferring extremely valuable rewards on the sole condition of success in examinations. They cannot, therefore, be removed by any changes of tenure, as long as a Fellowship constitutes the one avenue to College office, and is awarded by the test of competitive examination. The advocates of the present system, or of one differing from it by modifications of detail only, ought, therefore, to be able to point out very strong corresponding advantages to

counterbalance its numerous and grave defects. The point on which they mainly rely, is that Fellowships are of great value in providing young men who have no adequate funds of their own with the means of maintaining themselves for eight or ten years, while they are fighting their way into practice at the bar, or in the medical profession, or serving in ill-paid curacies. Liberals are pressed with the arch consideration that, at any rate, we have here a thoroughly *democratic* institution, which looks exclusively to merit as shown in an absolutely fair competition, and thus tends to diminish the disadvantage at which a poor man starts in the race of life against monied competitors. Both these positions seem to me to take a great deal for granted. The first assumes that it is desirable to support, out of national funds, a certain number of men who have won high places in academic competitions, while they are making good their footing in some learned profession. I am by no means sure that the balance of advantage is not in the opposite direction. The old hard and fast line which formerly separated the "learned professions" from other modes of bread-winning is rapidly becoming obliterated. A field for ability and acquirement is now open in a vast variety of different employments, and the nation is deeply interested in having men of talent and high character engaged in many and various branches of activity, so as to sustain these at a high level of thoroughness and efficiency. The traditional "gentlemanliness" of certain professions, nevertheless, still exerts on the middle ranks of society an attraction similar to that which often induces the sons of artizans to abandon the workshop for the clerk's office. The result of the long-continued action of these influences is, that both classes of occupation are now overstocked, and, under these circumstances, it is hard to see how the country benefits by the increased glut due to the action of the Fellowship system. I am curious to know whether any political economist will undertake to justify this glaring in-

terference with the action of supply and demand.

The second argument assumes that the Fellowships are, as a rule, held by poor men. In fact, however, the chance which a really poor man has of attaining a Fellowship is extremely small. The effect of a coming competition much depends on the nearness of the examination by which it is to be decided. Were a Fellowship the sole reward to which the student looked forward, its disturbing force would be far weaker than it actually is. The Scholarship system here comes in, as the auxiliary by which the competitive fervour is maintained at the season when the great disturbing body is too distant to produce alone any considerable effect. Formerly Scholarships could not be gained until the end of three terms of residence, but the practice has now become pretty general of offering them for competition among boys just leaving school, and before their matriculation at the University. This system, by which different Colleges bid against each other with national trust-funds in order to buy up the best-prepared boys from the public schools, originated at Oxford, and was only adopted at Cambridge with extreme reluctance as a measure of self-defence. Its effect has, of course, been to call the forcing and cramming process into activity at a much earlier time of life, when it is likely to do proportionately greater mischief. As soon as a regular course of preparation for a particular examination has been devised and got into working order, those boys whose parents can afford the trainer's fee may safely reckon on being able, as a rule, to carry off the prize against the sons of people who can not. Only tolerably well-to-do parents can bear the expense of eight or ten years of high-class school-teaching, and it is therefore among the families of such persons, and not among "poor" men, that the great bulk, first of Scholarships and afterwards of Fellowships, are actually distributed.

A certain number of Fellowships are, no doubt, won by really necessitous

men of very decided ability; but they probably form only a small proportion of all the holders of such incomes. Even in their case it is by no means certain that, after completing a University course *ex hypothesi* brilliant enough to open to them many careers offering an immediate livelihood and a good prospect of future comfort, the best thing, both for themselves and for the country, may not be to leave them to push their further way by their own exertions. The possession of an income of two or three hundred a year for eight or ten years may, for aught we can tell, induce a man to relax the strenuous and unsparing exertions necessary to ensure success in the line of life which he is adopting. Such exertions may be fairly demanded of a man of average health at the age when he leaves College; and in cases where high capacity is accompanied by a tendency to indolence, the sharp spur of compulsion may be the indispensable stimulus to sustained and decisively effective activity.

For the reasons just assigned, I must maintain that the arguments relied on by supporters of the existing system cannot stand, in the face of the evils inherent in the mode of distributing national funds which they desire to perpetuate.

These evils can, I believe, be removed by no measure short of the entire abolition of Fellowships and the complete reorganization of the existing mode of administering the Scholarship fund. So extensive and momentous a change ought not to be contemplated except as part of a complete scheme of academic reform, planned to remove the cumbrous mediæval system which most seriously clogs the action of our ancient Universities. Proposals towards such a measure can only be usefully advanced when the Report of the Royal Commission has afforded comprehensive and exact information on the present state of Oxford and Cambridge endowments. It may not, however, be premature to point out a mode in which the funds set free by the abolition of Fellowships might, in part at least, be expended,

and to make a suggestion towards the reorganization of the Scholarship fund.

Persons unacquainted with the working of the Collegiate system, will experience considerable surprise when they are told that only an insignificantly small portion of the corporate revenues is devoted to the main objects for which Colleges are commonly supposed to exist, viz. education and research. College tutors, assistant tutors, and lecturers are not remunerated out of endowments, but out of the fees paid by students. Since the tutorial posts are nearly all held by Fellows, it may be urged that the Fellowships practically form part of the consideration paid for teaching done in College, and that, to this extent at least, the corporate revenues go to the support of education. This is so far true, that, were it not for the Fellowship, a first-rate man could not be induced to remain at the University by the scale of payment at which lecturing in the Colleges is now remunerated. Of all the traditional notions about what goes on within the Universities, none is more baseless than that of the College Don immersed in Capuan luxury, and enormously paid for delivering worthless lectures.

What is the actual fact? At a few of the large Colleges in Cambridge there are a certain number of posts which, relatively speaking, may be called lucrative, ranging, say, from 600*l.* to 1,000*l.* a year; but it is not, as a rule, thought seemly for a man to hold one of these beyond about ten years. The great majority of College teachers certainly do not receive more than 300*l.* per annum in direct payment for lecturing.<sup>1</sup> The work is decidedly hard, and the men who do it are of such a calibre that, had they adopted any other career, they might legitimately have calculated on attaining, in due course, a good share of the emoluments it had to offer. Had they become under-masters at any of the Public Schools, they could have insured at least as good an income to begin with, and a certainty of a boarding-house

<sup>1</sup> At the smaller Colleges very much less: say, 100*l.* or 150*l.*



within a moderate period. In the Civil Service, a steady progressive increase of income would have been within their reach; at the bar, or in medicine, their prospects would have been decidedly above the average. As it is, they cannot, even with their Fellowships, reckon on more than about 600*l.* per annum.

Where the tuitional posts are practically limited to Fellows, and the celibacy restriction is still in force, which is the case at the largest and most important Colleges in Cambridge, marriage is of course an impossibility, and the amount of income obtained offers no hope of laying by enough to secure a prospect of it within any reasonable time. There are few educated men of energy and recognized ability whose outlook is so gloomy as that of a College lecturer, unprovided with private means, who has reached a period of life at which it is too late to embark in any other career than that in which circumstances, rather than any deliberate exercise of his own choice, have placed him.

There are not wanting marked indications that this state of things cannot last much longer. The bulk of the present generation of College teachers, who have practically nothing else to turn to, may probably be reckoned on to continue working under the existing conditions; but those of the next generation will not allow themselves to be bought at the same price. Several instances have even occurred of able men who had entered on College tuition, becoming aware of the *cul de sac* to which the employment leads, and extricating themselves, while they still had strength and energy left for a fresh start. The difficulty experienced by the College authorities in inducing those who are elected to Fellowships to "stay up and lecture" is yearly increasing, and is said to have reached, at Oxford, the point at which the possession of pre-eminent ability is regarded as a decisive ground for declining a lectureship. If it is desirable to retain the highest talent in the service of the Universities, as to which there can hardly be two opinions, it is imperatively necessary to

open for teachers a prospect of competence and family happiness not altogether incommensurate with that which first-rate men can practically secure in other spheres of action.

The first charge on the liberated Fellowship fund ought, in my opinion, to be the realization of this urgently vital object. I have no wish whatever to go from one extreme to its opposite, and advocate a lavish profuseness which might only minister to self-indulgence and paltry social ostentation. On the contrary, I hold that at the Universities, if anywhere, we have a right to look for a mode of life emancipated from this vulgarest and feeblest of all possible ambitions. Still, a moderate and assured competence for the teacher and his family must be provided; and when this has been done with all desirable liberality out of the Fellowship fund, there will remain ample sums to be applied to other purposes.

The promotion of original research has been referred to as one of the functions of a Collegiate foundation. A demand has recently been made, in an influential quarter, for the appropriation of a share of the endowments to posts of research unconnected with any teaching duties. This proposal seems liable to insuperable objections. It is impossible to tell beforehand who will make discoveries and who will not; and invidious, in the highest degree, to have to single out a man from among his competitors for an appointment which must be made, if at all, on such subjective, delicate, and disputable grounds. Further, it is not easy to see how to lay down any criterion by which to determine whether a particular inquirer is making enough discoveries to retain his post. Moreover, there can be little doubt that a certain quantity of teaching is highly beneficial to the original investigator, by compelling him to subject his thoughts to the systematic revision which is essential in order to communicate them to others with clearness and precision. This process is eminently fitted to expose to view the unexplored recesses in which clues leading to im-

portant discoveries often lurk ; but it is too irksome to be gone through, except under the pressure of preparation for the discharge of recognized duty.

For reasons such as the above, I would far rather see an attempt made to compass the same end by the establishment of a considerable number of educational posts involving only a moderate amount of lecturing. The salaries attached to those positions should be so small that they would be sought only by men who desired to employ the leisure they afforded in qualifying themselves, by the attainment of efficiency as teachers and investigators, for promotion to better-paid posts. I conceive that, in this way, we should enlist more efficient forces under the banner of original research than by making its prosecution a matter of direct purchase, as advocated by the persons to whom I have above referred.

The system I recommend is modelled on that of *Privat-docents* which plays so important a part in the German Universities, and has contributed so powerfully towards attaining for them the prestige for original research which they now enjoy. A *Privat-docent* is a graduate who, on his own application to the governing body of a University, is admitted, after giving evidence of adequate qualifications, into its staff of public teachers. His lectures are announced on the official notice-board, side by side with those of the most distinguished professors, and his certificate of attendance at lectures has equal force and validity with theirs for every public purpose. The *Privat-docent's* privileges end, however, at this point. He has no share in the government of the University to which he is attached, and receives nothing but what he makes by the fees of the students whom he can attract to his lecture-room. The *Privat-docents* form the reservoir which feeds the professoriate, and are, therefore, under the strongest inducements to show themselves worthy of promotion to salaried posts by good lecturing and successful research.

Were this institution introduced

among ourselves, it would, as has been already intimated, be desirable to modify it so far as to pay small salaries to, at least, a certain number of the persons appointed. Considering the more expensive mode of life which prevails in England, and the greater dearth of most articles of consumption, this would be almost a necessity. On the other hand, I would adhere rigidly to the precedent set in Germany of appointment on the application of the candidate himself. At Cambridge the tutor, or tutors, in each College, decide absolutely which of the Fellows shall, and which shall not, have lectureships offered to them. In doing this they are practically guided by the result of the Degree examination : and it would no doubt be extremely invidious, as things now are, to adopt any other course. At the same time the qualities which make a good lecturer are by no means necessarily co-extensive with those which enable a man to pass a brilliant written examination. Hence, appointments thus made cannot always be depended on to give satisfactory results. A man who has achieved high examination-success perhaps proves uninteresting or unintelligible in the lecture-room ; while another, who is passed over by the College tutor as not having taken a sufficiently good degree, subsequently shows, in some non-academic arena, that he possesses those very qualifications which would have made him an effective and valuable University teacher. The plan I am advocating would provide a probationary test by which mistakes of both these kinds might be avoided.

It will not be supposed that, because I hope for good results in original research from the holders of the proposed subordinate posts, I for a moment imply that the regular professoriate is dispensed from productive labours of the same kind. On the contrary, I should look to the enterprise of the younger men to supply a gentle emulative stimulus, by which the inventive ardour of their seniors might be saved from a premature chill.

It remains to say a few words on the principle which should guide our redistribution of the Scholarship fund. I hold it to be as follows : that only those students ought to have the cost of a University course defrayed, wholly or in part, out of the corporate funds who possess very decided and unquestionable talent, and are too poor to purchase the highest education for themselves. Neither of these two conditions is fulfilled at present. A certain number of the most valuable and honour-conferring Scholarships always attract aspirants of a high calibre ; but, on the other hand, those of smaller value at the less distinguished Colleges are generally held by men of only average ability and perseverance. Further, in elections to Scholarships no regard is had to the candidate's pecuniary position. This circumstance necessarily leads to much waste of funds which ought to be administered with the utmost thrift. A small Scholarship, the income of which suffices only to pay the fifth or sixth part of an average student's expenditure, assigned, too, without reference to the holder's private circumstances, is quite as likely to end in endowing an annual Swiss tour, as to be applied to any academic object. Money spent in sums too small to make the difference, to a necessitous man, of coming up to the University or not coming up, is practically wasted ; and the same thing occurs, at the other extremity of the scale, when an exceptionally brilliant and well-trained undergraduate, arriving with an exhibition from his own school, is allowed to pile College and University Scholarships on one another, until his income equals the pay of the College teacher whose lecture-room he frequents.

While fully recognizing the personal advantages which University training ordinarily confers, and the additional means of general usefulness which, when

made the most of, it is capable of imparting, I maintain that only in the case of men of unusual natural gifts is its action so intense, and the indirect benefit to the community so decisive, as to make it a matter of national concern to secure, by the employment of public funds, the presence of such men at the sources of the highest education. Accordingly, I hold that our Scholarship fund ought to be devoted to bringing up to the University poor men of original talent wherever they are to be found, and paying the cost of giving them the very highest culture which it affords. In order to secure all the advantages derivable from such a mode of proceeding, it would be necessary to connect with it a complete system of exhibitions from the primary schools to those of a higher grade, such as was, I believe, advocated on the London School Board by Professor Huxley. Those who have taken part in the movement for acting on the masses by lectures and examinations, which, through the patriotic and untiring exertions of Mr. Stuart, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, is now obtaining public recognition, and support, have, unless their experience differs widely from my own, frequently come in contact with young minds of the rarest promise, only needing air and culture to develop into exceptionally fruitful maturity. Let but such a scheme as that which I propose bring to the front numbers of these sturdy intellects, joined to physical organizations untouched by the weakening influences which have long acted on the professional classes, and they will soon wipe away the reproach of lack of original work which now lies heavy on the national Universities, and which I, for one, will never admit to be due to any inherent speculative inferiority of English minds to those of any other people in the world.

SEDLEY TAYLOR.

## CASTLE DALY,

## THE STORY OF AN IRISH HOME THIRTY YEARS AGO.

## CHAPTER IV.

As the days passed on, Mrs. Daly began to fear that her husband, with his usual disposition to put off evil times, would allow the whole of her brother's visit to expire without ever permitting himself and his guest for a single hour to be sufficiently at leisure to give opportunity for the conversation on which she had set her heart. The sunshine and the clouds seemed to conspire against her wishes by bringing the kind of weather which gives people an excuse for saying, "We must spend this one more day out of doors; for, bright as it is now, there are signs of a change coming."

It was a positive relief to her to wake one morning and look out on a distance of cloud wreaths, which seemed to have blotted lake and mountains from the world, and left only a narrow circle of sodden road and drenched shrubbery between earth and heaven.

Two middle-aged men shut into a house by walls of drenching rain could hardly pass an entire day together without getting into discourse on business matters of some sort; certainly not when one of them had such a talent for managing his own and his neighbours' affairs as had Sir Charles Pelham.

Mrs. Daly saw by the expression on her husband's face, and by the gesture with which he threw away the end of his cigar on the doorstep before entering the house, as he and her brother returned with dripping waterproofs from their morning round of visits to dog-kennels and stables, that the confidential talk had begun already; and she watched them as they shut themselves into the study with an anxious heart. She suffered a great deal more from thinking of the pain it would cost her husband to say much that he would

have to say that morning than she could have managed to make him believe. Her disapproval of his extravagance had been a vexed question between them for so many years, that it had built up a wall of coldness and reserve round her that it would cost her a great deal to break through now. The prison might be of her own building, but she was a close captive in it all the same, and could not get out. He thought it was only her English prudence that was outraged by his reckless doings, and that all her horror over them rose from fears for the future with which his own sanguine temper could little sympathize. She had another way of looking at his conduct. Her heart as well as her conscience was wounded by the failure of her efforts to alter what she disapproved. She could not help asking herself, "what can the love be worth of which he speaks so much, if it cannot induce him to make the little efforts of self-control that I should value so much more than any other token of affection?" She did not know it was the whole nature she wanted changed. She thought it was just a few actions that might easily be regulated so as to satisfy her requirements.

This was the thought that for years had been a chill wind blowing through her heart, stiffening all her feelings with an ice covering of reserve; so that now she could not go down and sit by his side holding his hand, and claiming a share of the pain and blame he had brought on himself. She could only go up to the solitude of her own room and spend the morning pacing up and down, clasping and unclasping her pale hands as in imagination she went through the conversation going on below, and pictured to herself the looks of astonishment that would

come on her brother's face; the little shrugs and exclamations of disgust that would escape from him as the story went on; longing all the time that she could in some invisible way make herself into a shield to ward this vexation from her husband. He had looked up at her as he followed her brother into the library, with a little nod and a smile as nearly bitter as a smile of his could be, which seemed to say: "Yes, you have your own way at last; this is your triumph. I hope you are satisfied." And in reality, though no one would ever know it, it was an hour of bitterer pain and humiliation to her than to him.

While the elders of the family were thus occupied in their own quarters, a desultory holiday-kind of feeling pervaded the rest of the house. No special plan for amusement or occupation had been pointed out for that rainy day, and consequently everybody took the congenial course of doing nothing. The servants, out-door and in, congregated round the great kitchen fire; and in spite of the deep-mouthed remonstrances of a favourite bulldog of Pelham's, that he had had sent to him from England, and a day or two ago installed as guardian of the back yard, invited such of the passers-by as were likely to repay hospitality by gossip to come in and taste the warmth. The first word of each dripping figure, after the pause on the threshold that was occupied by the customary "God save all here" and the "kindly welcome," was naturally a question on the sudden appearance of this unwelcome obstacle to free coming and going, and an invective against his energy.

"Shure I knew he was a stranger and a *furriner* from the moment whin his ugly voice troubled me ears. There's not a dog big or little in all Galway that 'ud drame of barking at me," remarked one-eyed Kitty, the most audacious beggar of the neighbourhood, whom even Mr. Daly had forbidden the house, indignantly displaying, as she spoke, to the general view the corner of her dragged red cloak that had a new

rent across it. "It might have been me leg that the cratur cotched hould of. Will I niver again ate me plate of praties and drink me noggin of milk in pace and quietness in me ould corner by the sunny edge of the wall, that's been by rights the beggars' corner since a Daly reigned in the place. An' now the murdering dog's kennel is put full in front of it. Boys and girls, somethin' must be done or a curse'll rest on ye all—driving the poor from yer doors in this new fashion."

"You'll have to make friends wid the dog, Kitty," answered James Morris, a young groom in special favour with Connor; "for it's none of us can get him banished. The thundering big brute belongs to Mr. Pelham, the young squire, who has lately come home from England, and colloquies more wid his English dog than wid any Christian soul here. Word or look can boy or girl get from him—only his dog will he open his lips to; and is it likely now he'd give up for your convanience the only cratur he's capable of convarsing wid?"

"And he a Daly! the saints be betwixt us and harm."

"The dog's a stranger anyhow; and maybe the air of the country'll be altogether too damp to shuit his constitution. It'll be the death of him, ye'll see, boys, sooner or later; the rain and the attention he'll get from those that have a better right than he to come and go about the place; so be aisy about him, boys," concluded, with a cunning wink of his eye, old Phelim, the pedlar, who, already established in the most comfortable seat in the chimney corner, was slowly undoing the straps of his pack, and preparing for the display of goods and the commencement of the barter and bargaining which was designed agreeably to while away the idle morning.

In the old school-room at the top of the house, where the younger members of the family congregated, the tongues did not wag quite so merrily.

Pelham had been driven, by the deserted state of the downstairs sitting-



rooms, to betake himself for the first time since his return to his brother's and sister's sanctum; and he fancied that Ellen and Connor, as they hastily crumpled up a sheet of paper over which their heads were bent when he came in, exchanged looks that showed he was not welcome.

"I can go downstairs again, if you are talking secrets," he said. "I only came here to write a letter; though what on earth you two can find to talk about all day I can't imagine."

"Oh, it is nothing," said Ellen; "I only hurried this paper away because you say you hate poetry. We ought not to be talking now. Connor has his work to do, and so have I. Do stay and write here. You can have this half of the table, and I will take my books to the window and sit there."

Pelham's letter was one which he considered required thought and careful wording, and its composition did not tend to put him into a good humour. A school friend whom he had employed to manage the transfer of his dog from its quarters near Eton to Ireland, had in his last letter put him in mind of an invitation to spend a vacation in Ireland, which he had long ago rashly given, and dropped a hint that as his family were now abroad, the next two months would be the most convenient possible time for him to make such a visit. Pelham had spent more than one of his vacations from school at the pleasant country home of this friend, and he had often spoken to him of the pleasure he knew it would give his father to return the hospitality. Yes, and he was right in saying that it would give his father pleasure. As Pelham sat biting the end of his pen and staring blankly at the first line of the letter, he saw in his mind's eye exactly the sort of reception that would be given; his friend would be made thoroughly at home; he would hear all the family talk; he would see all the family ways; there would be no restraint, no reticence; he would be made quite one of themselves, and what would he think of it all—Connor's wild ways; his father's and Ellen's random

chatter; the servants' familiarity; the slipshod grandeur of the establishment? And side by side with this rose the picture of the quiet, trim household from which his friend came; the dignified, silent father; the brisk, capable mother; the clock-like regularity of meals; the noiseless domestics; the awe-inspiring group of pretty sisters always smiling, well dressed, and occupied under the governess's or mother's wing. What was the great difference between them and Ellen? He raised his eyes from his letter to study her, as she sat curled up on the floor in the window recess, with a large book she was not reading open on her lap, and her dreamy blue eyes gazing up towards the window. Was it that quantity of yellow hair always tumbling over her shoulders, or what was it that made her so unlike the quiet, low-voiced, nothing-speaking, well-governed type of young ladyhood he had taken into his mind as the standard of excellence. Ah, what is she doing now?—the blue eyes have awakened up—no medium with her between absolute idleness and movements that take away one's breath. She has thrown up the window wide, and any possibility of continuing his letter is snatched away from Pelham by the irritation of having to listen to a dialogue shouted between a frieze-coated man at the front gate, and Ellen with her golden-haired head out of the window.

"Good morning, Thady M'Quick. I saw you did not like to pass the gate without a word from some one. You are taking the young pigs you told me about to sell at Ballyowen fair, I see. I wish you the height of good luck in your bargaining."

"Hurrah, thin! It's Miss Eileen her own self—the jewel of the world—that's spaking to me!" responded the voice from the gate. "An' if the hight of good luck don't come to me this day, it'll only be because luck, they say, is a female, and, maybe, won't forgive Miss Eileen for bating her out and out in beauty. Anyhow, the pigs, poor bastes, have seen ye for the last

time, and that's luck enough for thim and me."

"Well, good morning, Thady. You must make haste, or you'll be late at the fair; and Connor and I will come round by your cabin to-morrow to hear how you fared."

There was a great sound of *hurrih-ing* and loud squeaking of the pigs. The procession must be moving on. Surely she will draw in her head now, and shut the window!

But no; something fresh caught her eye. Regardless of the rain that was drenching her hair, she stretched her head further yet, so as to gain a view round the corner of the gable, and when she drew back into the room again, it was with an exclamation of dismay. "Oh, Connor dear, I wish you would go down and see what is going on in the yard. That horrid dog of Pelham's is barking furiously at Murdock Malachy, who is trying to slip past him into the yard by the side gate. Do go down and see what he wants."

"He's bringing me the swans' eggs I told him to get for me, no doubt. He's a broth of a boy, that Murdock. Send him the least taste of a message, and the thing's done. Well, I'll go down, but it will be for the sixth time this morning. I'll tell you what it is, Pelham: you'll have to get rid of that dog Lictor of yours; he's in everybody's way."

"He's only in the way of people who come where they have no right to be. My father said that side gate was always to be kept locked."

"But it never will be kept locked. It is a great deal too convenient for people who want to slip in on the sly. I shall go down and stop that howling by shutting Lictor up in the stable for this morning, at least."

"You will do no such thing," said Pelham, testily. "The dog's mine, and I won't have him spoilt. He's been trained for a house dog, and he shall not be punished for barking at beggars. Sit still where you are, and mind your own business, and let him do his. You said you had work to do."

"Is it your business to see that I do my work, pray?"

"I shall make it my business to see that you don't spoil my dog."

"And I shall see that the horrid brute is hindered from hurting anyone."

"Oh, boys, don't quarrel, whatever you do!" cried Ellen.

"Sit down, and don't be a fool, Connor," said Pelham, taking up his pen to continue his letter, as if the matter were ended.

"Yes, be easy, Connor dear," whispered Ellen. "I'll put my head out of the window, and, though the wind is high, perhaps I shall be able to make Murdock understand that he is to go round the other way."

A burst of wind and rain came in at the open window, and with them the sound of a fierce, low growl, and a wail of fear or pain, that made even Pelham start up and throw down his pen.

"The fools have worried the poor brute till they have made him savage," he muttered to himself. "I suppose I must go down, or some harm will come of it."

Connor and Ellen were, however, beforehand with him in reaching the scene of action. They rushed impetuously past him down the stairs and through the offices into the dripping courtyard, while he followed with the more deliberate step of a person making up his mind how to act. He had chosen the position of the dog's kennel himself, and decided on the length of the chain, against the vociferously-expressed advice of half a dozen servants, who, without his consent, had thrust themselves into the discussion; and he could not help feeling convinced that this catastrophe, if it had not been planned, would certainly be made the very most of by his discarded advisers for the sake of triumphing over him.

The hubbub that was going on in the yard when he arrived there confirmed the irritating suspicion. The talkative crowd in the kitchen had emptied itself bodily into the courtyard and divided into two surging, shouting, gesticulating

groups. Five or six men and as many boys, with faces expressive of real or assumed horror, had surrounded the dog. Two of the most courageous had their hands clutched in his collar, and were dragging him down to the ground. One held on to his tail, and the remainder at a safe distance flourished sticks and kitchen utensils, snatched up on the spur of the moment, in his face, the bewildered animal meanwhile glaring wildly on his tormentors, and almost strangling himself in his efforts to break from their hands. A little nearer the gate all the women servants of the house, with Ellen and Connor among them, were ranged in various attitudes round a bare-footed boy, who had already been lifted from the ground, and was leaning a shock head against Ellen's shoulder. It was all very well, of course, to be compassionate, thought Pelham. The girls at Pelham Court would be as ready as Ellen herself to help anyone who had been hurt, but they would not have gone down on their knees in a puddle of wet in the stable-yard, and had tears streaming down their cheeks, while all the grooms and half the people of the village looked on. Had nobody any common sense? Was the chief business of life here to make ridiculous scenes? Pelham strode on furiously towards the men.

"Let that dog loose instantly!" he shouted. "You're driving him mad by ill-treating him in that shameful way."

"Ill-treating the dog, is it we are, sir? Shure we all thought it was the dog that had been ill-treating the boy," exclaimed James Morris, one of the men who held on to the collar, looking up at Pelham as he spoke with an air of innocent surprise.

"Mad's the word, and mad he is," cried the second holder. "Shure it's at the risk of our lives we're houlding him for Mr. Pelham to see how out-and-out mad and savage the cratur's turned all on a suddint, as we all knew he would, along of being chained up here and angered wid the boys coming and going."

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"Hould on a minute longer, boys!" shouted the man from the tail. "Glory be to the Saints, we have him safe, Mr. Pelham dear, and he shan't touch ye till ye tell us what to do wid him. Will we knock him on the head wid a shillalagh, yer honour, or bring the loaded pistol from the master's room, and make an end of him that way?"

Without deigning another word, Pelham pushed a path through the crowd till he reached his favourite, who, at sight of him, shook off the relaxing hold of his captors, and, springing towards his master, placed two huge paws on his shoulders, and joyfully licked his face.

"You see he is as safe and gentle as a lamb if you only knew how to manage him properly," Pelham said, looking round haughtily on the scattered servants, who had fled far and wide as soon as they saw that the dog was loose.

"And those who don't know how to manage him'll deserve the tratement they get, and will have to put up wid it. Shure, boys, we are warned, and can't complain," observed James Morris, the young groom, who alone had kept his place by the kennel.

Still with a restraining hand on the dog's head, Pelham bent over towards the boy, who, supported by Ellen's and Connor's arms, was now sitting up and staring confusedly round him.

"I hope he is not much hurt," he said, addressing Ellen; "I shall be very sorry for it if he is—really hurt. You may give him anything he likes from me to make up for it—money, or anything."

Two wild blue eyes, gazing out from the roughest elf locks and the palest cheeks Pelham had ever seen in his life, were lifted to his face as he spoke, and took a long considering look into it—one of those looks from which a life-long love or hate may take its birth.

"Thank yer honour; but there's nothing yer honour could give me that I would like," was the deliberate sentence that came at the end of the look, from two white lips trembling with pain.

Pelham turned hastily away, shocked and hurt.

It was not his fault if the lad was injured; and he had spoken to him kindly. What could be the meaning of the indignant flash that came from Connor's and from Ellen's eyes, as they almost pushed him out of their patient's neighbourhood.

"We are going to try to carry you into the house now, Murdock, Miss Ellen and I," Connor said.

"And the swans' eggs, Mr. Connor dear! By good luck I put them here inside the breast of me coteen, and they're safe. As soon as I heered ye wanted them, what could I do but come to ye wid them?"

"And this is what you get by coming, my poor Murdock!" cried Connor, the quick tears swelling in his eyes as he spoke.

A flush of colour came into the fainting boy's face at the sight, and he made an eager effort to raise himself.

"Maybe I'm not hurt, after all, Mr. Connor dear, barring me leg: that's a trifle oneasy. I'll walk to the house wid the best of them."

But the effort to drag his leg from the ground only resulted in a deeper groan of pain than he had yet suffered to escape him, and a recurrence of the faintness, during which he was lifted carefully up from the ground in Connor's and Ellen's arms and carried to the kitchen.

"Could not some of these women help to carry the boy better than Ellen?" remonstrated Pelham, who could not help an involuntary movement of disgust as he saw an arm, that a mass of dirty rags did not cover, passed round Ellen's white neck.

"Begging yer honour's pardon," volunteered the beggar Kitty, who was standing near. "There is not one of us—not the strongest—that could do it anything nigh as well. It's not the strength; it's the way, as we've all seen betwixt you and the great brute that's whispering in yer ear this minute. Ladies there are, and Miss Ellen's one of them, glory be to the blessed Virgin

for that same, that have ways wid the sickness, and pain, and sorrow, to keep it down under their hand as you keep the dog there. Long may they reign over us in the land!"

There were many murmured "True for ye, Kittys," as the lookers-on flocked after the sick boy and his bearers into the kitchen, leaving Pelham alone in the court-yard to secure Lictor's broken chain, and coax him to subside quietly into his kennel.

He was bitterly vexed and annoyed at what had happened, and in the midst of his real concern for the principal sufferer, his heart swelled high with indignation at the ill-will that had been shown to himself. Those people had looked at him as if he were a sort of Cain, and he could not see that he was in any way responsible for the accident, or had done or said anything blameworthy. He felt it very hard to be so capriciously and unjustly judged; yet before he had made the link of the broken chain secure, he had taken, what appeared to him, a magnanimous resolve. The prejudices of these people should not prevent him from doing what he considered his duty in this matter; neither more nor less. All proper precautions against future accidents he would enforce himself, but he would not give up the only living thing about the place that seemed capable of trusting him, (Lictor was vehemently caressing the hands that were restraining his liberty at the moment), and he would insist on making compensation to the injured boy. There was no sense in the lad's saying that he would not accept any present from him. It was clearly his duty to offer him a present, since he was hurt, and the beggar-boy must be made to accept it.

The consciousness of having made up his mind how to act supported him during the trying hours of the rest of the day, while the whole household continued in a state of excitement, and persisted in keeping up an aggravating show of antagonism against him.

At luncheon the story of the accident had to be told in full to his father, Sir

Charles Pelham, and Mr. O'Roone, who, unluckily for himself, had ridden over to Castle Daly with papers to sign, and had, to his extreme discomfiture, been drawn into the conference in the study.

The gentlemen were all pre-occupied, and paid less attention to the narrative than it would have received at another time, but the few comments that did pass were distasteful to Pelham.

"Of course you won't care to keep the hound here after this, Pelham?" his father said. "He is a fine animal, and all right as far as I can judge, but there seems to be a notion among the servants that he has gone or is going mad, and they will lead him a dreadful life. Better send him back to Pelham Court, before he gets injured."

"May I not keep him here if I like, father?" cried Pelham; "he is not any more mad than I am; and I should not like to be forced to send him away for those fools saying so."

"Quite right too, Pelham," put in his Uncle; "Lictor is a faithful servant, and does his work of guarding the yard only too well; that's why your idle rascals of servants want to get rid of him, Daly. I would not give in to them if I were you, or you'll never be master of your house again."

"Sir Charles Pelham might find if he lived here that to support unpopular servants, especially if they are strangers in the country, is a task that the most popular masters find beyond their power, and that costs them their lives sometimes," observed Mr. O'Roone, carelessly.

"Yet under some circumstances it may prove a task that has to be undertaken, even if it be at the risk of life," said Mr. Daly, looking across the table at his agent, with a little sparkle of displeasure in his lazy eyes. "If you've done eating, O'Roone, we will go back to the study; I shall not rest now till I have carried this business through. As for Lictor, Pelham, do as you please; you are right not to desert a calumniated friend, only you must prepare for some trouble. If you keep him here

you will have to look after him closely."

When his father left the room, his mother took up the subject.

"Pelham, dear, you know I can't bear you to be obliged to give up anything you like, but——"

"It will be very hard if I am obliged to give up my dog," interrupted Pelham; "Connor has no end of pet animals, and the servants are ready enough to wait upon them. Why should they all take against the only creature I care for?"

"Why, indeed?" echoed Mrs. Daly, sadly; "but, Pelham, I've had the same thing to bear; I know what it is to live among people who make a point of disliking every person or thing I favour. I've learned to do without wishes and favourites now."

"Of course, if you desire it, mother, to please you, I will send Lictor away; but all I can say is that if he goes I'd a great deal rather not stay behind. I shall wish the vacation over, and never want to come back here again, that is all."

"Then keep him, pray keep him," cried Mrs. Daly, with more warmth than usual in her manner, as she stooped to kiss her eldest son's forehead; "I should be sorry indeed to think we could not make your home happy to you for one holiday."

Here was another pain for her to take back to her room and her paces up and down, the thought that her favourite son cared more for his dog's company than he did for hers, and could talk indifferently of never seeing her again if his will were crossed in a trifle. Certainly, she said to herself, she had not the enviable art of making people happy about her, or of being much to them. An odd-looking old maid like Anne O'Flaherty could make herself of consequence to those over whom she had no claim—men who had never loved her; children she had neither borne nor nursed—but it was different with her.

Pelham found his way back to the school-room, when his mother left him, and spent the long afternoon in alternately writing a sentence in his letter



and sitting with his feet on the fender, pulling a pen to pieces, and trying to make up his mind whether or not he should add a postscript to tell his friend that he might be on the look-out for Lictor's return to his old quarters. The decision hung long in the balance, while he sat listening listlessly to the little sounds that were distinctly heard in the unusual silence into which the household had subsided. The arrival and departure of the doctor who had come to set poor Murdock's broken limb; Ellen's and Connor's cautious steps passing and repassing the corridor that led to the room where he lay; and now and again, when a door was opened in the lower storey, the sound of voices in eager, if not angry, conversation in the study below. A decision was being slowly come at there too, on which this seemingly trifling decision of Pelham's was to weigh in a manner he little expected, and which had that in it that altered and coloured the lives of everyone in the house.

Just as Pelham had all but made up his mind to add the postscript, the school-room door opened, and Ellen stole in with a deprecating, entreating look on her face that at once put all Pelham's obstinate instincts on guard.

He laid down his pen and began to fold his letter. "Well, what do you want?" he began at last, finding that she stood still before him, looking at him in a fashion that made him fear his ill-humour might slip away under the influence of her appealing eyes.

"Connor sent me. He wants to know what you have settled to do about Lictor."

"Settled nothing but to go and see him fed, which I shall do as soon as I have folded my letter."

"He cannot possibly stay here after what happened this morning."

"Who says so?"

"Connor and I. Connor has promised Murdock and the other boys that Lictor shall be sent away, and he must keep his word."

"He seems to fancy himself master here, but as I happen to be two years

older than he, it's not very likely I should take orders from him. Let him look after his own ragged regiment. I shall keep my dog; and you may just tell Connor that I'll never forgive anyone who meddles with him—never. Now, don't open your eyes and stand staring at me in that idiotic way. Let me pass; I tell you I want to post my letter." It cost Pelham a good deal to work himself up into such anger as this. He felt he was sacrificing his dignity, but it was a relief to come to a decision of some sort, and to have declared war if war was to be.

Ellen left the room with reluctant steps, and was beckoned by Connor, who was holding a door ajar at the end of the long corridor.

"Well, what does he say? Murdock has fallen asleep at last, so you may speak out."

"He is very angry, and says he will never forgive anyone who interferes, never; and he looks as if he meant it."

"Hum—does he!" said Connor, abruptly drawing in his head and shutting the door in Ellen's face.

She could not bear to go back into the deserted school-room, nor downstairs with the chance of again encountering Pelham. There was nothing for it but to ensconce herself in the low seat of the passage window, and dreadingly watch the rain lashing the window-panes. It seemed a cruel stroke of destiny that this day, of all days, should be hopelessly wet; if only the clouds would have lightened a little, and she could have ridden off post-haste to "Good People's Hollow," and brought back Anne O'Flaherty, there might have been some chance of an amendment in circumstances and people's tempers; as it was, it was a dreary day—Ellen Daly's first experience of irremediably dreary days.

She saw nothing more of Connor till late, when he rapped at her door as she was putting the finishing touches to her toilette before going down into the drawing-room after dinner.

"Come in. I am only sewing fresh pink bows on my skirt. Mamma looked

so vexed last night when Uncle Charles noticed the ravelled state of my old ribbons; but, oh, Connor, dear, what is the matter? you look dreadful. Come in and sit down. What terrible thing has happened?"

"Nothing has happened, that's it—that's what's the matter," said Connor, after a minute's silence, drawing away the trembling hands with which he had covered his face as he sank into a chair. "Ellen, I can't think how people do things. That Matthew Lynch, when he strung up his son from the window in Galway, with all the people looking on below; and Connor of the double-sword, when he struck off the spy's head as he sat at table—how did they make their hands move when the moment came? mine would not. I have often pictured myself doing such things; but when I was there—when I saw it—when it lifted its eyes to my face and whined—I could not—my hands would not. Never again shall I be able to fancy myself doing a thing. How horrid it is!"

"Oh, Connor, dear, I hope you never will! Not anything dreadful like that! Pelham would never have forgiven you. How could you ever think of doing such a wicked thing?"

"He threatened me, and that was what drove me to try. I was in the yard while he was feeding Lictor, and it put me past all patience to see how he fondled the ugly brute and let it lick his face. I thought I would put an end to that, and show him he could not lord it over us all here yet; so, when he and everyone else had gone in to dinner, I took one of the pistols from my father's case, those he keeps loaded, and went out again; there was no one in the yard but James Morris. It was nearly dark. Lictor was lying still after his feed. I went quite close up to him, and held the pistol to his head, and then I found out that about myself I told you of."

"Connor, I am so glad; it was a wicked thing you wanted to do, and Someone [Ellen bowed her head] hindered you. I am glad."

"I believe I am glad too. Glad that

I did not do it—not that I could not—that part disgusts me. I would not have Pelham know for the world; he would despise me more than ever. You may depend upon it, when he makes up his mind to do a thing, he does it."

"But he never thinks of such outrageous things to do."

"However, you are not to suppose that I have given in to him about Lictor yet."

"Oh, Connor!"

"Don't cry out! I'm not going to hurt the brute, or let anyone else hurt him; but I shall keep my word about his not staying here. I came up to tell you, because you are sure to be the first person questioned, and you had better be on your guard as to what you say. James Morris is waiting for me now in the yard, and we have concocted a capital plan together. Lictor is always unchained at ten o'clock, and let roam about the grounds till morning—at least Pelham thinks so—but already the boys are too many for him. To-night James will manage as he has done before to muzzle Lictor tight and lead him out of the yard. There'll be a car waiting at the corner of the road to take Murdock's grandmother, who has come to see him, back to her cabin, if anybody asks what it is there for; but the old lady'll stay quietly enough in the house till morning; it's the dog, and James, and me, that the car will carry away. I shall take Lictor to a place among the hills that I know of, where there are boys who to please me would hide bigger things than a dog, so that it would take sharp eyes to find it. There he shall stay, till Pelham gives in, owns we're too many for him, and consents to send his pet back to England."

"Con, I don't like it. Pelham does love his dog, and he'll be so bitterly angry."

"How many more boys would you like to see kilt before somebody pistols the animal, for that'll be the end of him if he stays here!"

"Oh, dear, there is the dining-room

door opening—I must go down in a minute. Shall you come back before night?"

"No, I'm going too far away for that; and, Ellen, do you know I've an idea of not coming back at all for a day or so, till the storm's blown over. It would be capital fun being lost. The boys up there, where I'm going, trust me enough to hide me for as long as I choose to keep out of the way. Whatever I see, they know I shall never tell, and I've a fancy for seeing."

"Connor, you dreadful boy, you must not; mamma would go out of her mind. Imagine all Uncle Charles would say. Even papa would be angry. For my sake give up that part of the scheme at least. Is it not to Hill Dennis's place you are going? Red-haired Dennis, who brought Pelham back from the bog when he was a boy."

"You had better not know, and then when the row begins, you can't be bullied into telling."

"No, I won't know, but I can't help guessing. You said up among the hills. You will be near enough to Good People's Hollow, to go there the first thing in the morning, before they inquire for you here. Promise me to go there, Connor, or else I won't keep the secret. Then, at breakfast to-morrow morning. I can say you have gone over to see Cousin Anne. It will keep mamma from being anxious, and if Cousin Anne gets to know all this trouble, she will come over and put us all to rights."

"It's not a bad idea. I believe the hiding will be most complete that way. There will be nothing odd in my having gone over to the Lodge before breakfast; no one will suspect me of taking Lictor there. He will seem to have been spirited away, and no one will ever get a word of the truth out of James Morris. I should like to see Pelham's face when he comes up to the empty kennel to-morrow, and James begins to blarney him."

"I shall not like to see it. You know, Con, I am always on your side whatever you do; but I shall not be able to help being sorry for Pelham. It's a

harder thing for him to be made angry than it is for you or me. He can't forgive as we can, because it has been such much greater pain. I know that about him, though he says so little."

"Well, but you'll keep the secret whatever comes? Beyond all, don't let out a hint of James Morris or Red-haired Dennis being in it. What would they say through the country if Miss Eileen turned informer? I'm going to bed now—you understand—tired out with nursing Murdock Malachy all the afternoon. As you open the drawing-room door, I shall be shutting myself into my bedroom with a good loud clap."

"No don't, Connor dear, that's just a useless bit of the scheming I wish you were not so fond of. No one will ask for you, for I think the elders are all busy about something to-day, and have no thoughts to spare for us. I shall keep close to the piano all the evening, and play all the vulgarest jigs and dances I know, to please Mr. O'Roone, and set Uncle Charles off talking to papa and mamma about his daughters' music-lessons, and the grand German and Italian music they perform. I know how quiet that keeps everybody."

#### CHAPTER V.

THE world, or at least the secluded nook of it in which Happy-go-Lucky Lodge nestled, seemed to have been plunged bodily under water for a day, and lifted up again to dry in the sun, so pure and vividly green, and sparkling with diamond drops, were every blade of grass and clump of fern and flowery gorse bush within its hill-enclosed circle, when Connor next morning reached the turn in the steep road at which the little valley first burst upon his view. It was early, but the range of hills towards the east was broken by a cleft, through which the morning sunshine streamed in solid-looking rays, that made the green fields and tiny garden plots round the cabins glow like emeralds, and brought out in

strong contrast the soft lilac shadows on the opposite hills, and the purple gloom of the mountains in the distance. Connor was too full of his own affairs to have much thought to bestow on the beauty of the morning, yet he could not help pausing for a minute before he began the rugged descent into the hollow to glance around him. It looked like a nook dropped among the hills and forgotten. Yet, in spite of its seclusion, an air of brisk life and activity pervaded the place. Already Connor could catch the sound of voices, and descry strings of figures verging from different quarters towards a group of buildings that occupied the centre of the valley.

The principal of these, a tall white house, was situated on a jutting-out mass of rock, that had been turned into an island by the waters of a little mountain stream that, after running impetuously down the hills on the western side, suddenly, on reaching the middle of the valley, spread itself out into a shallow pool, and had once lost itself altogether in swamps and bog-land, but was now by judicious violence obliged to gather its waters together a few yards below the stone house, and keep a meandering course through reclaimed plots of potato grounds and meadow land till it found a vent among the eastern hills. The rocky prominence rose some height above the level of the water, and just afforded space for the tall white house, each corner of which was rounded off into a projecting turret. The front of the house was connected with the mainland by a wide-arched bridge, and facing each of the four turrets stretched four long, narrow, red brick buildings, which, seen from the height on which Connor stood, seemed to hang down like ropes from the airy white building on the island, and fasten it solidly to its bearings on the firm earth as the suspending threads of a spider's web hold it safely swaying in the air.

It was towards these buildings that the children from the cottages and hill-sides were wending their way, and as Connor approached the house he heard their voices rising through the open

windows from one quarter, in the loud buzz of repeated lessons; from the other in songs mingled with the click of tools and the hum of wheels that told of some sort of manufactory being carried on within. He knew the ways of the Happy-go-Lucky establishment too well to have any curiosity to look in at the work-rooms. The gates of the farm-yard and flower-garden, which had to be passed through before reaching the head of the bridge, were wide open, free to anyone to pass through, and the first person Connor encountered was a wooden-faced old man, seated on a horse-block, with his elbows on his knees, staring disconsolately at the *débris* of a carriage which lay in a heap in the middle of the yard, and every now and then shaking his head vehemently and making a threatening gesture towards it with his fist. Connor's "Good morning, Peter Lynch. Is that your fine three-wheeler you have got in ruins there?" elicited only a growl such as might have been drawn from a sullen bear by vehement poking, and as his further question as to whether Miss O'Flaherty was at home received only for answer a gesture of the man's thumb towards one of the turrets, he walked on without any further attempts at conversation.

The front door, though it faced the bridge with a flight of white stone steps and a bright knocker, was the last place by which anyone thought of entering the Lodge. Con passed it as a matter of course, and made the circuit of the building, looking into three of the turret bay-windows as he passed till he came to the fourth where, finding what he was in search of, he calmly crossed his arms on the low sill, put his head in at the window, and waited till the occupant of the room should chance to look his way.

Breakfast was laid out on a small table, close to a cosy-looking turf fire, before which two little white-capped maidens were busy making toast and boiling eggs, with a good deal of the bustle and importance of juvenile cooks. They were the first to spy Connor at the window, but he made a hasty sign to them to be silent, and the

little giggles into which they exploded at the sight were evidently too ordinary accompaniments of their work to attract the attention of a lady who lay half-reclined on a sofa in the window recess, only separated from the open window and from Connor's head by a narrow table, which held her books and work. She had evidently been trying to do two or three things at a time. The table was covered with a quantity of feathers of various colours, which she had been sorting into heaps. She held a little bunch suspended in one hand, but the other was busily turning over the leaves of a large book that lay in her lap, and her eyes were so intently devouring its pages that neither Connor's proximity, nor the twitches at her hair of a tame raven that had perched itself on her shoulder expectant of its breakfast, had power to draw them away. Connor looked straight down into her face, but not a muscle of it changed. It was a pleasant face to look down into: the hair at which the raven was pulling was partly hidden under a falling black lace handkerchief, knotted under the chin; the bright colouring of youth had long since faded out of it, but its pale yellow tints, deadened with streaks of grey, still had a softening and brightening effect on the rather strongly-marked features and high wide brows round which it was bound. The cheeks, though lined and worn; had not lost their original delicate pink and white; and even the absorbed attention to which the face was composed, did not quench an expression of energy and alertness that was almost youthful.

Connor's patience was exhausted when the third leaf was turned; the toast and eggs were growing cold on the table, and he was hungry. He leaned a little further into the room, and blew a cloud of feathers into the wrapt reader's face. She looked up suddenly, but without start or exclamation—rather with an air as if she had been so far away it took a second or two to get back again; and Connor, propping his elbows on the window-sill again, and dropping his face between his hands, had the first word.

"So, Cousin Anne, you and Peter Lynch have come to grief with the three-wheeler. I thought, between you, you had built a carriage that could not be overturned. How was it?"

Full consciousness came back with a flash into the blue eyes in which years had not extinguished the mirth.

"It was not our fault; certainly not Peter Lynch's. By all rules of mechanism that ever were ruled the thing could not have overturned. I stick to that and by Peter, whatever anyone says."

"In spite of broken limbs got in the overthrow?"

"No; only a sprained ancle. I tell Peter, to comfort him, that it might just as well have happened any other way—in crossing the bridge, or coming downstairs. Nothing's easier."

"Ah, but it was done in an overthrow of the three-wheeler. The great prime minister driving you himself, eh?"

"Well, yes, Peter was driving."

"I only hope it has overturned his conceit a little. I see it has brought him to his dumb condition, for he would not speak a word to me as I passed through the yard. To the condition of owning that he and you could make a mistake I suppose nothing will ever bring him."

"And we have not made a mistake; the three-wheeler is an admirable invention, and could not have been overturned if by ill-luck it had not been built the least taste of an inch higher in the back than I intended. As soon as I am well, and Peter has recovered his spirits, we shall set to work to build another. You heard of the accident yesterday at Castle Daly, I suppose, and your father good-naturedly sent you off to triumph over me?"

"Well, no, not exactly; it was Ellen that told me to come here."

"Why don't you jump over the sill, then, and sit down to breakfast."

"I'm waiting for you to tell me I'm welcome."

"Of course you're welcome. Would you like me to say 'as flowers in May'—or what form of flattery will satisfy you?"



"Say 'under all circumstances.' If I were a thief running away from justice, for example, should I be kindly welcome then?"

"What ridiculous humour is the boy in this morning?"

"It would be so pleasant to know I could never come amiss to you. And there are a great many different ways of thieving. One might have to steal something at some time in one's life, on principle, for the glory of God and the Church, as Henry II. stole Ireland, and as all the fierce O'Flahertys of old times fleeced the poor-spirited Lynches of Galway, leaving you one for your bond slave, or bond master. Which is it now?"

"If it is only nonsense about O'Flahertys and Lynches you are talking, you had better come in and eat your breakfast before the eggs are cold. You must have left home in the middle of the night. How come you here so early?"

"There was a car coming along with one of the boys, and he brought me to the turn of the road. But I *am* hungry. I say, Anne, if you have one of your famous fish pies in the larder, it would not be amiss to send for it. It's best to be candid on such points, you know; and, as I said before, I just *am* hungry."

Anne laughed, and ordered the pie. By the time half of it was dispatched, Connor's tongue was at leisure for conversation again.

"Well, if there's a capital dish anywhere it's a 'Happy-go-Lucky' fish pie. No one like you for turning out a good thing to eat, Cousin Anne."

"If there's a boy anywhere great at the blarney, it's Connor Daly."

"But how about the supply of fish? Have you completed your invention yet for making the fish catch themselves on rods stuck through the walls of the house, and ring little bells at the same time to warn you to come and pull them in, as the fish of the monks of Cong used to do?"

"If we have not rivalled the monks of Cong yet we have no reason, as you see, to complain of a failure of pro-

visions—and, by the way, you have come on a lucky day. The pond on the east of the house wants cleaning. They are going to let off the water to-day, and there will be a grand take of fish. As I can't look after it myself——"

"Thanks to Peter Lynch."

"And as poor Peter is a little out of spirits——"

"In a black temper."

"Out of spirits, you may as well go out and see the spoil divided. I have decided to give the fish to the women of the valley who can cook it properly. The bad cooks are to get nothing."

"I quite understand, such wretched creatures as refuse to follow 'Happy-go-Lucky' receipts deserve to starve. But, I say, Anne, who judges the cookery? Do you make them all bring little bits of their dinners for you to taste, that you may judge of their skill and obedience?"

"No, you saucy boy, I take the husbands' opinion about the cooking, and so you see if any of them have been mean-spirited enough to defame their wives, they'll suffer for it. Now, you may as well go off to the pond, for I have plenty to do this morning."

Cousin Anne betook herself again to her book and her feathers, but these only served as interludes to the real business of the day which thronged round her as the morning wore on. The Lodge stood conspicuous in the middle of the valley, and seemed to lie so directly in the way of all comers and goers, that no man or woman in the district thought of setting out on or returning from any business a little more important than ordinary, without turning in at the bridge-head, to tap at the window and consult the Lady, or report progress, on his or her proceedings. Now, it was a little group of children who came to show the baskets full of cranberries they had gathered since morning on the hills, and to receive the slice of white bread and butter which Miss O'Flaherty's little hand-maidens were instructed to serve out to the possessor of the best-filled basket. Now, it was a man with an important face, carrying something mys-

teriously wrapped up in a red neckerchief, which something, when its bearer had filled up the window opening by thrushing his person through it, and bringing his face close enough to Miss O'Flaherty's to whisper in her ear, was discovered to be the sum of money received yesterday in Ballyowen market for a litter of pigs, and brought to the Lady, to be kept safe out of the way of an extravagant wife and grasping son, till its proper owner had studied what he wished to do with it.

A little later, it was a woman with wild black hair streaming over her shoulders and cloak awry, sobbing as she ran, who had come hot from a quarrel with her husband, and who would have made the whole place ring with her outcries, if Anne had not contrived to take possession of the hands she was wringing passionately, and draw her down into such a position within the window-seat that she could look straight into her eyes; after which the conference went on quietly, between eagerly-spoken complaints that changed by degrees into sobbing murmurs on one side, and short, soothing sentences extending into remonstrances and exhortations on the other.

"Eh, but it's your ladyship that leads the happy life intirely," said the poor woman, recovering herself sufficiently at last to draw the tear-drenched corner of her cloak from her eyes, and glance admiringly round the sunshiny room,—"wid nothing to do but plase yerself night and day, and never knowing what it is to have a man to contend wid. It's aisy talking for the like of you."

"I dare say you are right," said Anne O'Flaherty, smiling; "I don't suppose I do know as much about the real sorrows of life as do most of you women who come to me for advice; but you know, Biddy, it's standers-by that see furthest into the game; and any way it's not my own words I give you. 'Twas the wisest man ever lived wrote that little word, about the soft answer I want you to take home with you; and, for the rest, you're not the faint-hearted woman to be willing

to give up your man for the first hard words that have passed between you. Go home and cook the fine fish I shall send you, for his supper, in a way that'll make him just ashamed of himself."

As interludes to the business of the elder people, Anne's attention was every now and then claimed by the occupants of the four buildings that flanked the house where the children of the valley were assembled, learning their lessons and practising one or other of the little arts that Anne had introduced among her people. In the midst of all came running messengers, bare-footed gossoons with elf-locks flying to report the progress of the operations that Connor and his party were carrying on at the pond below, and to carry back her instructions and congratulations on the success of their sport.

Connor was quite in his element, and did not allow himself to be troubled by any uneasy thoughts about the effect his disappearance might have produced at home. Ellen knew all about it, and might be trusted in any emergency that arose to look after his interests at all events. The habit of relying upon Ellen to bear the first brunt of the blame due to his escapades was of such old standing that the selfishness of the proceeding scarcely struck him. If he had been present and seen the trouble going on, he would have been forward enough to take his share, but out of sight of it he could no more help tarowing himself with zest into any amusement that came in his way than he could help breathing.

Anne did not trouble him with embarrassing questions; it was not her way. People who came to her with anything on their minds, generally took her into their confidence before they had been many hours in her company; and she could always wait.

When the house was still in the evening, Connor took possession of a low seat by Anne's sofa, and amused himself by turning out a table-drawer which contained plans, drawings, and half-finished models of all the mechanical contrivances that had haunted

Anne's inventive brain since the last time he had weeded out her private repository; and when he had done criticizing and she defending these, he made her laugh by giving a representation of Sir Charles Pelham opening out his views on Ireland to his father and Mr. O'Roone. Only once in the course of the evening, when Anne, tired out with laughing and talking, lay back on her sofa to rest for a few minutes, was he in danger of telling his secret.

"Do you remember, Anne," he began, suddenly, after a little interval of silence, "one day last summer, when we drove down to the shore and brought back a quantity of shells you wanted for something you were making? Some of the shells turned out to have hermit crabs in them. I put them into a jar of salt water to keep them alive, and in the morning we found that they had fought and torn each other out of their shells. You cried about it. Yes, you did, Anne—I saw you. You said it was cruel to shut fierce creatures up in a small space, where there was nothing for them to do but tear each other to pieces."

"Well, what then?"

"Oh, I was only thinking that I know people who are a good deal like those hermit crabs. Shut them up together even for a rainy day, and they fight not to death exactly; but they tear each other out of their shells—the worst parts of each other, you know; the vexation and dislike and contempt, that used to be so covered up, you did not know it was there. Such people had better get out of each other's way anyhow."

"I don't know about anyhow," said Anne, reflectively.

"Then just look here," Connor began, —but at that moment a bell in some downstairs region rang, and a troop of maidens flocked in for evening prayers. There was no opportunity for the conversation to be renewed that night, and as Connor went up to bed he could not help congratulating himself that his

impulse towards confession had been arrested. Anne would not have given him any peace till he had restored Lictor to Pelham, if once she had heard the particulars of the quarrel. And Connor thought he might as well let himself have as long a respite as possible before disagreeable concessions had to be made.

It was not till the third morning, just as he and Anne and Peter Lynch, in recovered spirits, were engaged in an eager discussion over the best method of repairing the three-wheeled car, that he espied his father approaching the house on horseback.

"I think I shall go down to the old stone quarry, and watch the men blasting; they are at work there this morning," he said. "Here's my father coming to pay you a visit. He always likes to have you to himself, and you'll know where to find me when I'm wanted."

"Oh, Connor, then you have been doing something you are ashamed of. I did think you would have told me honestly, and not let me shelter you on false pretences," said Anne reproachfully.

"I'll come all right when I'm wanted; but you may just as well hear what he has got to say first; and, Anne, while you are listening, remember what I said to you about those precious hermit crabs, and you'll acknowledge that I was in the right in what I did."

"So you always are by your own account, Connor."

By this time Mr. Daly was near enough to the house for Anne to notice the attitude in which he sat his horse, and the general air of his figure.

"You had better shut the window, Peter," she said, "and wheel my sofa out of the recess, that the people may understand I am not to be interrupted. I shall not be able to think any more about the car to-day."

She felt sure that some deeper trouble was weighing on her cousin's mind than could be caused by any boyish misconduct of Connor's.

*To be continued.*

## ON COAL AND COAL PLANTS.

WHEN I remember how recently one of our most distinguished naturalists has delivered his opinions on the subject of coal,<sup>1</sup> I am somewhat appalled at my own temerity in risking comparisons by speaking upon the same subject. But, happily for me, science advances with rapid steps; and in even the brief interval which has elapsed since the delivery of Professor Huxley's magnificent address, the history of coal, and especially of coal-plants, has had much new light thrown upon it; consequently there is much to be said now, that could not have been said when that lecture was delivered. With that address within reach, it is not necessary to dwell at any great length upon the subject of coal. The time has gone by in which we are required to prove that it has had a vegetable origin. That which was, even within my own lifetime, a disputed proposition is now accepted as an established fact. Nearly every fragment of a fossil fern that we meet with, whether we exhume it from the coal shales of Lancashire, or from the oolitic ones of the Yorkshire coast, has its tissues converted into true coal, and that which has occurred in the case of individual plants could equally take place in masses of such plants. We have similar evidence showing the conversion of solid wood into coal. Nothing is more common than to find in the neighbourhood of Whitby the stems and branches of coniferous trees converted into jet, and jet is but a modified form of coal. We thus see that the soft and hard parts of plants are equally capable of being converted into that combustible mineral.

<sup>1</sup> Professor Huxley in his lecture at Bradford on the Formation of Coal; *Critiques and Addresses* (Macmillan & Co.), p. 92.

Long after these points were established, the mode in which the vegetable mass, subsequently converted into coal, was accumulated, continued to be a matter of serious debate. At an early period, Professor Brongniart suggested the probability that coal had originated in vast peat-bogs; but this conclusion was rejected by most of the English geologists, who adopted what was termed the drift theory, which regarded coal as resulting from masses of drifted trees, and other forms of vegetation, brought down the large rivers. It was supposed that these materials accumulated in estuaries and limited oceanic areas, where, after becoming water-logged, they sank to the bottom in sufficiently large masses to produce continuous beds of coal. Grave suspicion existed in the minds of several observers that this explanation did not cover all the known facts. The elder Brongniart had long ago called attention to the upright trees standing perpendicularly to the strata in the quarries of St. Étienne in France. Similar examples occurred in the north-eastern parts of our own island, and a bed of *Equisetums*, or horsetails, at Haiburn, on the Yorkshire coast, suggested to many observers the probability that some—if not all—of these erect plants must have grown in the positions in which they were found. Two observations virtually settled the question. One was the discovery of Mr., now Sir William Logan, that each bed of coal invariably rested upon a bed of fire-clay, which was full of the roots and rootlets of large trees, such roots being known as *Stigmarie*. Such conditions suggested the probability that the fire-clay was once a fertile soil in which the trees to which the roots belonged had grown. The second was the discovery

of some gigantic trees exposed to view on cutting through the coal-measures at Dixon Fold, when constructing the railway between Manchester and Bolton. These trees belonged to the group known as *Sigillariae*. The stems, some of which were twelve feet in circumference, stood vertically upon a bed of coal, whilst their huge roots plunged into the coal to reach the fire-clay underlying it. The obvious truth demonstrated by these examples could not fail to be rightly interpreted by two such experienced observers as Mr. Binney and the late J. E. Bowman, who at once adopted the theory that the plants which produced the coal must have grown on the spots where the coal is now found. Similar discoveries being made in various other coal-fields, especially in those of New Brunswick, the drift theory was rapidly supplanted by that of Mr. Bowman. The late Dr. Buckland announced his conversion to it at the meeting of the British Association, held at Manchester in 1842; and at the present time this theory finds an almost universal acceptance amongst geologists. This theory, though not exactly that of Brongniart, has its dominant feature in common with the conclusion arrived at by the learned French Professor, viz., that most of—if not all—the coal-plants grew on the areas on which we now find them. Coal, then, according to the modern hypothesis, is merely a transmuted vegetable soil which accumulated, not under water, but under the trees composing *primaeval* forests. These forests stood on areas which were subjected to repeated changes of level in relation to that of the ocean. It must be understood that though the ground beneath us is popularly regarded as the type of everything steady and immovable, this earth of ours is far from deserving the character for stability with which it is thus fondly credited; absolute rest is all but unknown to it. It happens that even at the present day there are certain regions, such as those subject to volcanic disturbances, whose tendencies are always to move upwards, like the more aspiring of our

youths, while there are others, such as the coral regions, which are steadily sinking, like those less fortunate youths who have failed in the voyage of life. So it was in the olden time. The coal-beds appear to have accumulated on the latter class of areas—areas of depression—geographical regions in which the earth had a tendency to sink below the level of the ocean. Mud and silt had collected upon such areas until the deposits thus formed reached the surface-level of the water; and then came what appears to have been necessary to the growth of the coal-plants, namely, a bed of peculiar grey mud. We do not know why that mud came there, or whence it was derived. That it was very different from the ordinary deposits, the sandstones and shales, which accumulated in the carboniferous ocean, is shown by the physical properties which it still possesses, and which they do not possess—properties which fit it for the purpose to which it is now devoted, of being manufactured into fire-bricks, whence its common name of fire-clay. That this grey mud was the soil preferred by the great majority of the plants constituting the carboniferous forests is as obvious as that the oak woods of Herefordshire and the sunny south will not flourish upon the cold soils of the Lancashire uplands. Minute spores, representing the seeds of the plants which afterwards became coal, were floated to this mud by wind and water; and finding there a suitable soil, they germinated, struck root, and soon converted the swampy area into a magnificent forest. As the trees grew they shed successive showers of their microscopic spores, which often fell in such vast quantities as to constitute an important contribution to the accumulating vegetable soil; but along with them there fell other and more bulky objects, such as might be expected to accumulate under a semi-tropical forest. The dead leaves, broken branches, and prostrated stems, alike contributed a share to the decaying vegetable mass. In the tropical regions of the present day such accumulations become rapidly decomposed, and pass



away in gaseous forms ; but such does not appear to have been the case in the carboniferous age—at least, not in the same degree. Even in Lancashire, notwithstanding all the influences tending to diminish the bulk of the vegetable mass—such as atmospheric decomposition—chemical changes occurring during the later processes of mineralization, and the pressure of superimposed rocks prolonged throughout all subsequent ages, we have coal-seams six and seven feet in thickness, whilst they occur in America, as for example in the oolitic coal-field on the James River, with the surprising thickness of between thirty and forty feet. Such accumulations of vegetable soil as these thicknesses of solid coal represent, almost exceed comprehension, and must indicate enormous periods of undisturbed forest-life. But at length a change came over the sylvan scene ; the land sank—whether suddenly or slowly we have no means of saying. The numbers of dead fishes found on the roofs and upper portions of some coals seem to indicate a sudden rush of pure water over the land, followed by the quick destruction of the fishes, poisoned by the bituminous vegetable mud in which they found themselves entangled. In other cases the roof of clean blue shale, devoid of all appearance of either animal or vegetable remains, and resting immediately upon a defined surface of pure coal, is suggestive of a slower submergence, allowing time for the destruction and obliteration of all traces of growing vegetation upon its surface. The extent and duration of the submerged stage has varied, as also has, in all probability, the kind of water under which it sank. Whether the coal-measures are marine or freshwater deposits is still an open question, the answer to which depends partly upon the nature of certain bivalve shells (*Anthracosia*) found in connection with many of the coals. It is allowed by the advocates of the marine hypothesis, that the ganoid fishes so common amongst the carboniferous beds are as likely to be freshwater animals as marine ones—the only living ganoids with which we

are acquainted being found in rivers and not in the sea ; but the weight of this argument is materially reduced by the fact that in these palaeozoic ages all the known fishes were either ganoids or placoids ; and no one doubts for a moment that the great mass, even of the former, must have been marine, otherwise we obtain the *reductio ad absurdum* that there were no fishes in many of the ancient seas. But there remains a yet more conclusive argument in favour of the marine hypothesis. Many of the remains of fishes found both in the lowermost and in the uppermost coal-beds are those of placoids—ancient sharks, often of large size—and of many species. These fishes, which are quite as abundant in the carboniferous rocks as are the ganoids, were certainly marine animals, and indicate in an irrefragable manner the marine submergence of some at least of the coal-seams. But the probabilities of the case suggest the conclusion that the nature of the water would vary at different localities. We frequently meet with long narrow areas of sandstone ploughing their way through coal-seams which continue their uniform course right and left of these interruptions. We may conclude, with great probability, that such sudden interruptions to the continuity of the vegetable soil represent ancient creeks or estuaries which ran in amongst the forests, and which, doubtless, received their drainage in the shape of brooks and rivers. In such cases, submergence, if not too rapid, would cause the vegetable soil to be overflowed by freshwater—at least, over limited areas—but, in other instances, the numerous remains of sharks imbedded in the coal tell of the unmistakable proximity of the sea.

The ultimate physical effects of these two agencies would be the same. Successive layers of sand and mud were deposited until the accumulations once more reached the surface, and the indispensable fire-clay again made its appearance. Then as now, nature demanded special preparations for each department of her arboricultural work.

"Continuo has leges aeternae fœdera certis  
Imposuit natura locis."

The right conditions being provided, wind and water once strewed the new-born soil with spores; a fresh springtime dawned upon the scene, clothing it with verdure; the young plants became matured trees; spiders and terrestrial shells crawled up their trunks; dragon-flies played amongst their branches, and strange reptiles—half-frogs, half-newts—crawled and swam in the neighbouring swamps. The cycle of events was once more completed, but only to share the fate of that which had preceded it. The changes upon which I have dwelt were repeated again and again, until the combined results of their recurrence through a vast epoch was the accumulation of that pile of deposits to which we apply the title of "Carboniferous," a pile which varies in thickness in different localities from three or four to eight or ten thousand feet.

The condition in which the plant-remains were preserved in these deposits varies greatly. In most instances we find the leaves and young branches imbedded in the coal shales, and themselves converted into the blackest coal. In other cases we find huge stems that have once been several feet in diameter, so flattened that their two sides, only represented by thin films of coal, are barely an inch apart. In other cases we see these stems standing erect upon the coal, plunging their vast roots through the vegetable mass into the underlying fire-clay; but a nearer examination of these upright stems reveals only a very thin outer cylinder of carbonaceous matter, filled, not with vegetable structures, but with a mass of inorganic clay or sandstone. A common explanation accounts for both the last-named conditions. Most of these plants had a pith surrounded by a woody axis, enclosed in its turn by a thick bark. All these structures were composed of fragile and easily-decomposed elements, save the outermost part of the bark. This latter consisted of a thin, but very tough, barous layer, which resisted decay better than the other tissue of the stem. In

the prostrated fragments these thin cylinders of bark, deprived of all internal support, soon became compressed in the way described. The vertical stems underwent a different fate. Resisting decay longer than their prostrated neighbours, their bases became imbedded in the accumulating layers of sand and mud which adhered closely to their rough exteriors. They thus became firmly fixed in a cylindrical mould, and retained their rounded form, even when all their inner structures rotted away and were floated out by the invading waters. The thin hollow cylinder of fibrous bark now became quickly filled with such inorganic, or even organic, materials as those waters carried along with them. Mud and sand, fragments of other plants, shells, and even the bones of reptiles have been found in the interior of these upright trees, clearly testifying to the correctness of the above explanation of the conditions under which they are found.

Whilst these general truths have now met with almost universal acceptance, there are some secondary points noticed both in Professor Huxley's lecture, and in the writings of other observers, which require further notice. In that lecture my distinguished friend very properly laid stress upon the occurrence of certain minute bodies, of which traces were to be found in most coals, and which, in many examples of that mineral, existed in the greatest abundance. These minute bodies are shaped like old Roman coins, or like very small lentil-seeds. Closer examination showed them to be tiny bags, emptied of their contents and flattened by the same pressure which had compressed the larger tree-stems. These disks were first figured both in their vertical and horizontal sections by Witham of Lartington, in 1833,<sup>1</sup> but he was altogether at sea as to their real nature. They were subsequently noticed by Professor Morris, who first connected them with the re-

<sup>1</sup> The internal structure of the fossil vegetables found in the carboniferous and oolitic deposits of Great Britain, described and illustrated by Henry J. M. Witham of Lartington, Tab. 11, Figs. 4 and 5.



## FOSSIL FORMS.

Macrospores from coal when flattened by pressure. Sporangia of authors	$\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$
Macrospores uncompressed from a fire-clay underlying a coal seam	$\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$
Macrospores from a Lepidodendroid cone from Burntisland	$\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$
Microspores from the same—	
Single spores	$\frac{1}{10}$ to $\frac{1}{10}$
Clusters of three or four	$\frac{1}{10}$ to $\frac{1}{10}$
Microspores from a cone (Triposporites), described by the late Robert Brown	$\frac{1}{10}$ to $\frac{1}{10}$
Macrospores from a Triposporites, described by M. Brongniart	$\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$
Macrospores from Lepidostrobus Levidensis (Binney)	$\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$
Microspores of Calamostachys Binneyana, probably a Lycopodiaceous fruit	$\frac{1}{10}$ to $\frac{1}{10}$
Microspores of Calamites	$\frac{1}{10}$ to $\frac{1}{10}$
Asterophyllites (Volkmannia Dawsoni), probably Lycopodiaceous	$\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$

We learn from the above figures that the objects dwelt upon by Professor Huxley and previous authors find their parallels, so far as size is concerned, amongst the macrospores of recent and fossil Lycopodiaceous plants, and that such is their nature I have no doubt whatever. In the first place, the vast myriads of these objects which occur in some coals show that they must have been deciduous objects—objects which, when ripe, fell from their parent tree without the intervention of any other force than that derived from their own weight. But we know no recent Lycopods in which the *sporangia*, or spore-cases, are thus deciduous. These sporangia burst and liberate their contained spores, whether large or small, but the sporangia remain adherent to the fruit-axis. They shrivel up and decay, but never become detached. On turning to the objects themselves, we find structural facts sustaining the same conclusion. The sporangia of living cryptogams have invariably a very strongly marked cellular structure, and we find this structure repeated in the sporangia of all fossil cryptogams, whether Equisetaceous or Lycopodiaceous. But the outer walls of the macrospores are homogeneous and structureless, and the objects found in the coal are structureless also. The exterior surfaces of the

recent macrospores are often tuberculated and variously sculptured. The macrospores from the Better-Bed coal of Bradford, specially noticed by Professor Huxley, have their surfaces tuberculated, giving them the appearance of an elastic bag tightly contracted upon a number of contained smaller objects. I presume it is this appearance which has suggested the idea that the microspores of the Better-Bed coal contained spores. But these tubercles are wholly superficial and not internal. Again Dr. Huxley has called attention to three elevated lines which radiate from a central point on one side of each of these objects. These ridges he regards as "the expression of three clefts which penetrate one wall of the bag." Similar marks are present in most cryptogamic spores, whether large or small, and do not represent clefts, but the boundary lines of the flat surfaces of an obtuse three-sided pyramid. These spores almost always develop in clusters of three, or more generally four, in the interior of a mother-cell. Consequently each spore, when detached from those which combined with it to form a rounded cluster, resembles an obtuse pyramid, with three flat sides and a convex base. The flat sides are the results of the mutual compression of the spores constituting each cognate cluster; and the radiating lines, which look like clefts—especially when the spores are flattened by pressure—are but the ridges bounding those faces. The angle at which those ridges converge was directed towards the centre of each perfect cluster, and was the only point at which all its four spores came into mutual contact. This arrangement will be readily understood if we divide a round apple or turnip into four equal three-sided pyramids, by first cutting out one such wedge with its apex directed to the centre of the sphere, and then dividing the remainder into three equal parts, intersecting it along the grooves corresponding with the angles of the detached pyramid; all the four portions will fit together in precisely the same way as do the four spores

in the interior of the mother-cell, of which they once constituted the protoplasm.

The second question asked,—viz., What are the relations subsisting between the spores and the coal in which they are imbedded?—is as scientifically important as the preceding one. On examining a thin section made vertically through a favourable piece of coal, we see in it numerous examples of these little compressed macrospores, of a reddish colour and translucent aspect, imbedded in layers of a more opaque and black substance. In the latter we further see innumerable points of very minute size, which also exhibit a similar translucency, and which are in all probability the remains of microspores. But associated with these is a third element. On taking an ordinary piece of coal into the hand, it will generally exhibit at least two bright shining surfaces, which can be touched without much defilement. These smooth sides will further be observed to be marked by numerous parallel lines. A blow with a hammer applied to one of these sides will readily cause the coal to break in the plane of one or more of the parallel lines; and the surfaces thus exposed will generally be seen to be composed of "mineral charcoal;" that is of small fragments of vegetable tissues more or less disorganized, but the organized nature of which can readily be seen with the help of an average pocket lens. It will also be observed that this is the part of the coal which "grimes" the fingers of those who handle it. We thus have in coal three distinct elements: mineral charcoal, spores of various sizes, and black coaly matter. Professor Huxley and myself are agreed respecting the nature of the mineral charcoal; but we differ as to the origin of the other, or third portion of the coal. He believes it to be the result of a carbonization of the spores; thus assigning to these minute objects the principal part in the production of coal. On the other hand, this coaly matter appears to me to have resulted from the disorganization of the mineral charcoal. We have already seen

that not only did dead leaves and branches accumulate on and in the vegetable soil, but that all the portions of giant stems, except the outermost layer of the bark, exhibited a strong tendency to decay. Anyone who has watched the rotting of some dead tree, knows how its woody portion tends to separate into small square or cubic fragments; and it is similar fragments of ancient carboniferous vegetation that constitute the mineral charcoal. Hence we should expect *a priori* that a general accumulation of half-decayed vegetation would enter into the composition of all coals. Judging from what takes place around us, we might anticipate that the mixed vegetable mass would gradually be converted into a kind of humus, and that further chemical changes would finally convert this into the black part of the coal. The spores of cryptogamic plants being invested, like the seeds of flowering plants, with an outer covering intended to resist decay, would tend to remain undecomposed, though the germination of their contained protoplasm would often leave them torn and fragmentary.

Two methods of enquiry suggested themselves as necessary to test the two opinions. One was to see if those qualities which distinguish a good coal were associated with an abundance of spores; the other was to see how far coaly matter could be detected in its transitional state from the condition of spores on the one hand, or of mineral charcoal on the other.

I soon found, after making an extensive investigation of nearly all the coals occurring in the celebrated Worsley collieries belonging to the Earl of Ellesmere, that abundance of spores and the best quality of coal were not convertible terms. Some of the rich cannels had very few spores in them, though such as did exist were sufficiently conspicuous, whilst in other coals (of which that from the Bins mine was a notable instance) the coal was almost worthless, though the specimens examined contained an abundance of spores. But in addition to this, I



possess fragments of fire-clay crowded with macrospores, but exhibiting none of the properties of coal. Fragments of ironstone, equally full of spores, tell the same tale. Thus we appear to have good coal with few spores, and masses of spores which are not coal.

On making a series of preparations of coal, to test, if possible, the nature of the bodies from which the black coaly matter is derived, I soon found evidence of the conversion into it of the mineral charcoal. In no coal did I find this evidence more unmistakable than in fragments of the Better-Bed coal of Bradford, which is of all others the most remarkable for the number, size, and beautiful preservation of the macrospores with which it abounds. Specimens of this coal, which a low magnifying power showed to be masses of mineral charcoal, were seen, when ground very thin and examined under a higher power, to be reduced to exactly the same mineral condition as the black coal, the origin of which is *sub judice*. Therefore, whilst Professor Huxley considers that—"Coal is composed of two constituents; firstly, mineral charcoal, and, secondly, coal proper"—including in the latter term the products of altered spores—I should say that coal is composed of two constituents: mineral charcoal in various degrees of disorganization, and spores. It is a fact of some interest, bearing on the above question, that the oolitic coal of Cloughton, on the north-east coast of Yorkshire, though a bituminous coal, contains no trace whatever of spores, and no wonder, because the oolitic strata in its vicinity contain none of the plants from which, as we shall shortly see, such spores must have been derived.

Within the last few years our knowledge of the plants constituting the forests and undergrowth of the carboniferous period, has undergone an important increase. The study of their external forms was for long far in advance of that of their internal organization. The latter branch of enquiry originated with Witham of Lartington, but for some years after his death it made little progress. A fragment of a *Lepidoden-*

*dron*, obtained by the Rev. Vernon Harcourt, and a yet smaller one of a *Favularia*, described by M. Adolphe Brongniart, of Paris, with the addition of some pieces of stems supposed to belong to plants allied to the firs and pines, long constituted our only guides in this direction. But we are now reaping a rich harvest in this field. Carboniferous beds at Autun, in France, and similar ones discovered at Oldham, near Manchester (by Mr. Binney), at Halifax, at the Isle of Arran, and at Burntisland, in Fifeshire, have supplied us with rich materials for studying the vegetable sources of our coal-fields.

Such studies resolve themselves into the two groups already indicated, viz., those of external form, and those of internal organization. Unfortunately, these two enquiries do not always run parallel to each other. We have all seen the close of some great gathering, where the departing guests were hunting for their coats. There were human bodies and outward vestments which undoubtedly fitted one another; but the difficulty was to bring together the coat and its owner. So it is with these plants; we have got many inner bodies; and we are certain that they belong to some of the outward vestments that are strewn in such rich confusion throughout our coal shales. In many cases we have succeeded in uniting those that belonged to each other. In others, coats remain without bodies, and bodies without coats.

It will be impossible for me to dwell upon all the names that come before us in connection with this work, but in addition to those already mentioned, those of Cotta, Corda, Ettinghausen, Geinitz, Germar, Binney, and Carruthers, stand prominent as leaders in the career of Phytological discovery.

The great truth demonstrated by these investigators was more or less indicated through inferential arguments; especially by Brongniart, who, from the study of outward forms, concluded that the plants of the coal-measures were referable to three or four great groups of cryptogamic

plants, and to one of conifera, or pines. Thus of the former we have representatives of the Equiseta, or horsetails; of the Lycopods, or clubmosses, and of the ferns, along with a number of other plants, whose relationships are yet as doubtful as those of a notorious individual now occupying a conspicuous position in our law courts.

The Equiseta, or horsetails, are represented by the Calamites which, more than any other class of fossil plants, have been literally misrepresented in the strangest manner. We found certain transversely-jointed and longitudinally-grooved fossils, often covered with a thin layer of coal, and from their reed-like aspect Schlotheim called them *Calamites*. Then some specimens were found in which this jointed axis was invested by a woody or vascular cylinder. These were separated from the rest by Brongniart and others, under the name of Calamodendra, and believed by them to constitute a distinct group, belonging to the tribe of pines or conifers. I think I am not presuming when I affirm that these points are now conclusively settled. The Calamite was a plant which, like the recent Equisetum, had originally a cellular pith separated from a cellular bark by a ring of small canals; at the outer margin of each canal there appeared a small cluster of vessels; the circle of canals and vessels representing a woody zone, separating the pith from the bark. In this state the plant is a true Calamite, and believed by Brongniart to be Equisetaceous. But as the plant grew, changes were wrought in its interior organization. Season after season saw additional vessels added to the exterior of the small clusters already attached to each canal, constituting collectively as many wedges of wood as there were canals. As further additions were made in the same centrifugal direction, the wedges increased in width as well as in depth; vertical layers of cells, or medullary rays, were now introduced into the wedges separating the vessels of each wedge into a number of similar thin vertical series, until at length, in some instances, this vascular

cylinder attained to a thickness of at least two inches.

But side by side with these changes others were going on. The cellular pith became hollow, and was reduced at a very early stage to a very thin layer lining the central cavity. Hence, when mud and sand found their way into the interior of the pith-cavities, the little remaining pith did not prevent these inorganic elements from moulding themselves upon the inner margin of the woody wedges, and thus becoming longitudinally grooved; whilst, as the pith retained more or less of its primary thickness at each joint or node, it occasioned a transverse construction of the cast at this point. We thus see that the Calamites with which we first became acquainted, are mere casts of the interior of the living plant, and the coaly film with which such casts are often invested is but a threadbare remnant of the wood and bark which once constituted the true plant. But the bark also grew. I have a large specimen before me in which there is a thin cellular inner bark—what botanists call parenchyma—and an outer one nearly two inches thick, composed of narrow, oblong cells, almost indistinguishable from those constituting the bark of the *Lepidodendron* noticed below. In this specimen we have a plant with a pith and pith-cavity an inch in diameter. Two inches of a wood cylinder, and two more of a bark cylinder on each side, give us a total diameter of seven inches at least. But another pith-cast before me has a diameter of three inches. A *Calamites gigas* figured by Brongniart, had a pith-cast six inches in diameter; but most marvellous of all is a specimen which my colleague, Mr. Boyd-Dawkins, informs me he saw recently in the museum at Lyons, in which this cast was between two and three feet in diameter! If the wood and bark of these plants were proportionately thick, these specimens must have belonged to noble forest trees throwing the dwarf horsetails of our ditches and marshes into utter insignificance. They supported numerous whorls of delicate branches, which in turn were clothed with whorls

of small leaves, though many of the branches and leaves hitherto supposed to be those of Calamites belong to another and distinct group—that of the Asterophyllites. The same remark applies to the supposed fruits of Calamites. What I believe to be the true calamitean fruit is an altogether different structure to that commonly referred to these plants. It was a small spike so densely packed with spores and sporangia as to constitute a solid mass—very different from the lax structures terminating the stems of living horse-tails.

If we had been privileged to gaze from some eminence upon a carboniferous forest, the plants which would chiefly have arrested our sight would have been the Lycopods, or ancient clubmosses. Visit the grassy moorlands of our more elevated hills, and you find living clubmosses creeping upon the ground; enter a New Zealand forest, and you discover them rising two or three feet into the air, but beyond this they never aspire at the present day; cut across one of their slender stems, which sadly lack some buttress to sustain them in an upright position, and you find in the centre of each either a single bundle or a cluster of bundles of vessels, scarcely so thick as an ordinary knitting-needle. This is their vascular axis—the only one that they possess; whilst the thickest of their stems, wood and bark together, rarely exceeds the diameter of a thick knitting-needle. How different their ancient representatives! We see in imagination a stem rising like

“The mast  
Of some great admiral,”

its base measuring ten or twelve feet round, its stem tapering upwards and ending in a vast cluster of ever-dividing branches densely clothed with slender or closely-fitting leaflets; whilst from the ends of longer or shorter twigs there hang innumerable cones sometimes a foot or more in length. Huge roots spread for many yards away from the central stem—the British oak itself not being more firmly planted in its native soil than were these ancient Lycopods in

theirs. The bark covering their stems was sometimes impressed with the diamond-shaped scars of the Lepidodendron and the lozenges of the Favularia, at others sculptured with the vertical ridges and furrows of the Sigillaria, which, in this part of the world at least, was but a modified Lycopod.

It is easy to understand that the delicate organization of the living Lycopods was wholly unfitted to sustain trees which towered a hundred feet into the air. A structure suited to their wants, and differing widely from that of living plants, was given them—though it is not difficult to trace relations between the primeval and modern types of structure. In the youngest twig of a Lepidodendron there was a small central bundle composed of a mixture of vessels and cells. As the twig grew, the vessels formed themselves into a distinct cylinder, to the centre of which all the cells retreated to form a pith; whilst, external to the vascular ring, we can generally observe a bark consisting of three layers, all the elements of which exist in a rudimentary form in one or other of living Lycopods. Further growth is accompanied by an enlargement of the vascular cylinder, by a continued increase in the number of its component vessels, from which proceed outwards all the vascular bundles going off to the leaves. Of the structure of the roots at this stage we have no knowledge. But a new and more external growth now begins to form, whilst the old processes continue their action. The innermost layer of the bark becomes instrumental in developing layer after layer of vessels, arranged in lines radiating outwards from the existing vascular cylinder towards the bark. These layers obviously correspond with the woody zone of the Calamites, and have no existence in living Lycopods. With the formation of this exogenous growth commenced the development of those permanent roots with which we have so long been familiar under the name of Stigmariæ. The inner cylinder which communicated directly with the leaves did not extend into these roots, though the pith within it did do so. Hence the exogenous

layers were the only vascular channels through which the vessels of the rootlets could communicate with the sub-aerial stem. Thus the sap absorbed by the rootlets must have ascended by the exogenous layers, and then passed laterally into the vessels of the inner vascular cylinder, so as to reach the leaves. This exogenous axis became, as might be expected, of large size, though less so proportionately to the diameter of the entire stem, than in some other plants, in consequence of the great thickness of the outer bark. We thus have combined in one structure all the three apparently distinct types of organization hitherto known under the technical names of *Lepidodendron*, *Diploxylon*, and *Stigmara*. Dr. Dawson has described a type of structure in some Canadian stems which differs from what I have described, but since I have found nothing exactly like it in any of our European fossils, I can merely allude to it in this brief manner.

Most interesting of all are the fruits of the Lycopodiaceous fossils, because it is from them that have been derived the numerous spores which enter into the composition of coal. As in the living Lycopods, some species have borne cones containing two classes of spores, large and small, having, as already observed, different reproductive functions; others appear to have but one class—that of small ones, or microspores. On this point we yet require more light than we at present possess, notwithstanding what has been done in the investigation of *Lepidostrobi* by Dr. Hooker, Mr. Binney, and Mr. Carruthers. The English cones in which large spores or microspores have been discovered are very few in number. It is therefore difficult to understand whence the numbers of these objects contained in some of the more bituminous coals have been derived. At the same time, an observer who shakes a ripe fruit of a single horse-tail over a sheet of paper, will learn how marvellous an amount of reproductive spores can be liberated from one small organism. Further research will most probably show that most of the common fossil cones which we call *Lepidostrobi* contained both classes of spores.

Closely allied to the Lycopods are the interesting leaved plants known as *Asterophyllites* and *Sphenophylla*, whose little leaflets are strung upon a slender twig in successive whorls. These plants have had much difficulty in finding a final, comfortable resting-place. Some of them have been believed to be aquatic plants. Some writers have regarded the whole as the branches and leaves of *Calamites*. Both these opinions are wide of the truth. The stems of these plants had an internal organization very distinct from that of all other stems. The youngest twig consists of a cellular mass with a curious triangular bundle of vessels running along its centre. Around this, successive layers of large vessels were added externally, until the triangular bundle was converted into a cylindrical rod. The exogenous growth then began anew; a ring of small vessels was now added, serving as a new point of departure for numerous successively added layers, until the twig became a tree. The fruit of these plants also is quite distinct from that of all other carboniferous plants. But the affinities of both fruits and stems are with the Lycopods rather than with any other of the carboniferous types.

Amongst the earliest carboniferous plants to attract attention were the ferns—as they are perhaps the most abundant products of the carboniferous shales. With the exception of a number of tree-ferns found in continental deposits, we have hitherto been unable to ascertain the inner organization of one of the many genera and species with the outer forms of which we are familiar. We are now in a better position. Numerous undoubted fern-structures have already been brought to light, both in British deposits and in the French ones of Autun, where Professor Renault is working so satisfactorily. But what is yet more important, in one or two instances we can go yet further. Many of these newly-discovered organisms are petioles, or leafstalks, which usually have a very different structure from that of their parent stems. One of these leafstalks (*Zygopteris*) my friend Professor Renault has

fortunately indented with its stem, though not with its leaves. Another, to which I gave the name of *Edraxylon*, I have now connected with the leaves of a *Pecopteris*, and with one of those curious modifications of the genus in which the leafstalks are covered over with small warty projections, as is the case with some of the tree-ferns of the present day. Numerous other structures are known, but not yet identified with their outward forms.

It is remarkable how few of the carboniferous ferns have the spore-cases with which every fern-collector is familiar attached to their fronds, and the fact is the more inexplicable since in the little oolitic deposits of the Yorkshire coast so large a number of the specimens found have these masses of spores in their natural positions. I suspect that the carboniferous ferns must have been exposed to the action of water before they became finally imbedded in mud and sand. We have found a few isolated spore-cases of these plants in the Lancashire beds; but if spore-cases contribute to the formation of coal, we should have expected that fern sporangia—which are so easily identified, owing to the peculiarity of their form—would have been very abundant, and this is not the case. I have obtained one fern petiole from Lancashire which teaches an important lesson, to which I shall shortly refer. It is as yet without a name. I have also obtained evidence indicating that a remarkable plant from Burntisland, which I have described under the name of *Heterangium Grievii*, is a fern stem, a discovery which involves some important physiological conclusions. There remains for notice the important group of the conifers, or plants allied to the pines. We find in the coal-measures numerous fragments of hard wood, which appear to have been drifted, and which exhibit the internal structures of the *Araucarias*, or pines of the Southern hemisphere; but the trees to which these fragments belong do not appear to have grown along with the *Lepidodendron* and *Calamites*. We have found no trace of any foliage that we can identify

with these stems and branches. The rich deposits near Oldham, from which we have drawn so many of our treasures, very rarely furnish these fragments, but they are more abundantly intermingled with the other plants in the Halifax storehouse. It is also a curious fact that in a thick sandstone deposit occurring at Peel, in Lancashire, we find a thin belt of nuts called *Trigonocarpa*, which Dr. Hooker believes to have been coniferous, and which in all probability were the fruits of our coniferous stems. These nuts have evidently been transported from some forest which overhung water whose currents first floated them to a distance, and then cast them upon a sandy shore—as we now see long bands of vegetable *débris* strewn our coasts, for miles, after days of storm and flood. Facts like these lead me to infer that the conifers of the coal-measures known to us by the name of *Dadoxylon*, probably grew on drier uplands than did the vast mass of the carboniferous plants, and consequently were less liable to submergence, their broken fragments and detached fruits only reaching the submerged areas in the shape of driftwood—as cocoa-nuts are sometimes known to be cast upon shores distant from those upon which the parent trees flourish.

Besides the plants to which I have directed attention, we have obtained several others of which we know the organization, but of the true affinities of which we are yet in doubt. It would not be interesting to dwell upon these forms. I have already said, of one of them, the *Heterangium Grievii*, which I have so named in honour of my friend, G. Grieve, Esq., the discoverer of the Burntisland beds, and which exhibits the most remarkable organization of any of our coal-measure plants—that I have much reason to believe that it will prove to be a fern. There are other plants of which we know the outward forms, but of which we have not yet ascertained the structure. These, likewise, need not detain us.

Some important conclusions bearing upon the distribution of plants in time grow out of the facts that have been



ascertained. There is no question that the great groups of Calamites, Lepidodendroid plants, ferns, and Asterophyllites, were cryptogamic plants, and there is much reason for believing that the Dadoxylons were gymnospermous exogens. Thus the latter belonged to that division of the flowering plants which is represented by the pines and firs. Various other plants have from time to time been included in the flowering list. Thus the curious plant called Antholithes was supposed to be a flowering plant, allied to the broom-rapes, but that idea is now abandoned. Another plant which the German botanist Corda designated *Palmacites carbonigerus* was supposed to be a palm-like endogen. I have got this plant in various states of growth, from the smallest petiole up to thick stems, and have no hesitation whatever in declaring it to be a fern. With the exception of a single mysterious specimen from Scotland—the *Pothocites Grantoni*—about the affinities of which I entertain the gravest doubts, I conclude that the higher flowering dicotyledonous and monocotyledonous plants were wholly unrepresented during the carboniferous age, at least that such evidence as we now possess justifies no other conclusion. We have searched the carboniferous beds from Greenland to Australia, and they everywhere tell the same tale.

The physiological features of the plants to which I have referred lead to some important considerations. We have seen that the woody zones of the Calamites, the lepidodendroid and sigillarian plants, and the Asterophyllites, grew by additions made to their outer surfaces by the inner layer of the bark, which additions I venture to call exogenous, the more so since we thus obtain all the distinctions of parts which we recognize by the names of pith, wood, bark, medullary rays, woody wedges, &c., when speaking of exogenous trees. This is a condition of things wholly unknown amongst the living representatives of these plants. On the other hand, the further I carry my enquiries the more I am struck

with the almost total absence of such growths amongst the ferns. The *Heterangium* already referred to exhibits a very feeble attempt at such a growth, which becomes important if, as I suspect, the plant ultimately proves to belong to a fern. But even in that case, the very feebleness of the effort makes the plant one of those striking exceptions which only prove the rule. The large tree-ferns of the present day, the only living cryptogams which attain to arborescent dimensions, exhibit the same indisposition to strengthen themselves by exogenous growths. This difference between the ferns and the other carboniferous plants must have a meaning. The former were endogenous and the latter were exogenous, whatever may be the significance that different botanists may attach to these facts.

There are peculiarities in those interrupted exogenous growths which appear to indicate that they were not dependent upon a regular recurrence of summer and winter, but rather of irregularities in the supply of moisture. Of the climate under which these carboniferous forests flourished I can say little, though much has been said by others. On the other hand, I can speak of the very distinct physiognomy which those primæval forests must have possessed. Besides the peculiarities of their forms, the carboniferous forests exhibited one unbroken hue of green. No meadows then sparkled with buttercups and daisies, nor were the hills gorgeous with the crimson and gold of mingled heath and furze. In these respects the ancient vegetation must have exhibited the aspects which Mr. Wallace informs us are now so characteristic of the tropical verdure of both the new and old worlds. The tints may have varied, but the motto of these true "forests primæval" must have been *semper virens*.

When we stand by the side of some shrivelled mummy we yearn to hear a voice from its silent lips, telling us who it once was, and what were the phases of its chequered life. Would that these vegetable relics of the past could do the same. Compared with their age the

mummy is not even a thing of yesterday: it is rather as the breath that issued from my lips with the last sentence to which I gave utterance; and yet we must not forget that each one of these ancient plants possessed an individuality and passed through all the conditions of a life as definite as our own. There was an exact moment in astronomical time when the spore which gave it birth fell from its parent stem, as there was a point in geographical space upon which that spore germinated, took root, and sprang up into a tree. It drew life and power from that sun which still quickens each plant into ceaseless vigour. Those stars which roll nightly over our heads shed

their pale and gentle radiance upon the forest in which it grew; and when its living mission ceased, there was an hour in which its towering trunk was overwhelmed by some primæval tempest and prostrated to the ground. But even then its final work was not accomplished. It is true that a resistless decay mingled its tissues with the soil from which they sprang, but only to swell the bulk of a growing mass, destined in a remote age to become the chief source of England's wealth and power. But if, appealing to Nature, we ask her when these things were, echo only answers, When?

W. C. WILLIAMSON.

OWENS COLLEGE.

#### AFTER HEINE.

I've written couplets to my lady's eyes,  
Her foot I've sung in half a score romances,  
And on her little hand, bewitching prize!  
I've lavished dozens of poetic fancies.

I've sung her little cheek, in verse apart,  
Her little mouth, what rhymes I've made upon it!  
And if my lady had a little heart,  
Why, I would celebrate it in a sonnet.

#### TO AMELIA. (AFTER MR. FIELDING.)

I heard the ladies, with their candour strange,  
Proclaim thy beauty quite beyond compare,  
If kind Dame Nature knew but how to change  
Thine eyes, thy mouth, thy figure, or thine hair.  
I too, presumptuous! when thy countless charms  
Are thus decried, and blazoned thus to Fame,  
Would add another to these vague alarms,  
And bid thee change, O heartless fair, thy name!

C. F.

## MENDELSSOHN.

BY FERDINAND HILLER.

## CHAPTER V.

## FRANKFORT (1837.)

MENDELSSOHN was married on the 23rd of March, the ceremony taking place in the French Reformed Church, to which his bride belonged. It seemed strange to hear anyone so thoroughly German harangued in French on this solemn occasion; but the simplicity of the service, and the wonderful fascination of the young couple, touched and impressed everyone. I had composed a marriage song for the reception of the newly-married pair at the grandparents' house, and for its performance had engaged the services of the ladies belonging to a small choral society which I had conducted every week during the past winter at the E.'s house. In spite of all the admiration and veneration of these young ladies for Mendelssohn, and though they knew we had leave, and that it was very pretty and laudable to show so great an artist such an attention, it was not without some embarrassment that the graceful band entered the strange house under my direction, and took up their position in battle array before the eyes of the astonished servants, to await the expected arrival. But Mendelssohn and his charming bride were so touched and pleased, and the numerous members of the family were, as might have been expected, so extremely amiable, that the fair singers soon completely forgot their doubtful situation, and thoroughly enjoyed being in the thick of the merry throng.

The young couple went first to spend some time at the charming town of Freiburg-im-Breisgau. A place more congenial to their poetic and artistic tastes could hardly have been found. It is a smiling little city, with clear streams

running through the streets, glorious hills looking down on it all around, lovely environs with views over mountain and valley, river and plain; and besides all this, the homely, simple, South-German dialect and manners—a perfect place for a honeymoon. It will be remembered that Cécile had great talent for painting. A journal,<sup>1</sup> unique of its kind, which she and Felix kept together, and which I was allowed to see on their return, contains written matter and drawings by each in turn, landscapes, houses, little scenes in which they took part—in fact, hundreds of things done on the spur of the moment. During their absence I constantly heard news of their doings from the lively and communicative Madame Jeanrenaud. In the middle of May the happy pair returned to Frankfort. Felix writes in a letter to Devrient:—"I can only tell you that I am perfectly happy and in good spirits, and though I never should have thought it, not the least over-excited, but just as calm and settled as if it were all quite natural." In this tranquil happy frame I found him on his return. But when he showed me the 42nd Psalm, the musical result of his wedding tour, I was astonished—though only so long as I had seen nothing but the title. For the tender and longing pathos which pervades some parts of it is based on a foundation of perfect trust in God, and the subdued sentiment which for the most part characterises the work, may well harmonize with the blissful feelings of deep happiness which penetrated him at the time. The final chorus, the words of which do not belong to the Psalm, and which he com-

<sup>1</sup> Now in the possession of Mendelssohn's youngest daughter, Madame Wach, at Bonn.

posed afterwards at Leipsic, seems to me not entirely in keeping with the other movements.

However, I must at once protest against the possible misunderstanding of my being supposed to hold artistic creation in general to be the produce of the state of mind at the moment. Even in the most ordinary life the mood of the mind changes so constantly, that if one were to follow it, no artistic work of any unity would ever come into being—these matters are ruled by other and higher laws. But anything which was the result of such a wedding tour naturally leads one to make observations and draw comparisons, though I should hardly have expressed them if they had not forced themselves upon me at the time.

In the midst of the engagements and excitements which now engrossed the young pair, Felix composed his beautiful E minor quartet, the progress of which I watched with the keenest interest. I must not forget one of the last occasions on which I conducted the Cecilia Society, the performance being in honour of the young couple; it consisted chiefly of selections from "St. Paul," though with pianoforte accompaniment only; and I remember Mendelssohn's especial delight with the fine rendering of some of the *chorales*, which I had made the chorus sing *a capella*.

It was now almost time for me to set out on my Italian journey. Mendelssohn, meanwhile, travelled on down the Rhine, but we hoped to see him again in a few days. Our hopes were, however, disappointed, and I soon received the following letter from him from Bingen:—

"BINGEN, 13th July, 1837.

"DEAR FERDINAND,—When you got into the carriage the other day at Homburg, and drove off with your ladies, I must have had a presentiment that we should not meet again for the present; I felt almost sure we should not. It is strange enough that it has really turned out so; I shall not return to Frankfort before my English journey, but in eight or ten days I go from here to Coblenz, and so on, slowly down the Rhine; and in September,

when I get to Frankfort for half a day, you will already be far away in the mountains, perhaps across the Alps. Who knows where and when we may meet again? In any case, I hope, unchanged; we should have had so much to talk about before the long separation: but the chief thing is that we must have a happy meeting some time or other.

"I could not manage it differently, the journey here was rather a helter-skelter affair, and then I was quite prepared to find the inn as uncomfortable as the one in Homburg, and no lodgings to be had; in that case we should very soon have come back to Frankfort, and I should have betaken myself to the *Hôtel de Russie*. Contrary to our expectation we found the inn quite bearable, the view beautiful, and the neighbourhood and environs so splendid and varied, that after a few days I put off thinking about returning to Frankfort, and now have quite given it up, for I hope that my people will go on a little further with me. You really cannot think how this beautiful spot on the Rhine grows upon me, and how it attracts me, though I have often seen it in a superficial way. In five minutes, with a boat, I am at the 'Mäuseturm,' my favourite point, and then over at Rüdesheim; and the Rhine is so beautiful in the changeable weather, and even after the storm of yesterday. Thank God, my dear Cécile is well and cheerful; if I tell you that I love her more every day, you won't believe me, but it is literally true. I have not worked much here, I mean not written much, but I have a new violin quartet, all but finished, in my head, and I think I shall finish my pianoforte Concerto next week. I have mostly followed your advice in the alterations in the E minor violin quartet, and they improve it very much; I played it over to myself the other day, on an abominable piano, and quite enjoyed it, much more than I should have imagined. And so one day passes like another, but all are happy. This letter is to remind you of our agreement that you should always write on the 15th of the month and I on the 1st. Do let us keep to this, dear Ferdinand, even if the letters contain only a few lines or words, the regular correspondence is so precious. Please, leave your E minor Symphony at the Souchays' for me when it comes from Paris, so that I may take it to Leipsic in September, I shall immensely enjoy having a good look at it and hearing it again properly. The Cecilia Society wanted to have another musical evening in your especial

honour, and I had promised to conduct; but I had to give that up too. Did anything come of it after all? And do all the musical heads in Frankfort still show their teeth at one another? And does — show you his stumps? It annoyed me more even than I said at the time, this stupid behaviour of the German musicians. But it is God's will, so let the devil take them. Even their daily life is a mere hell upon earth. And so farewell; I have got back at last into the angry style again. My address till the 1st of August is here, *poste restante*; from then till the 10th, Coblenz, *poste restante*; from then till the 20th, Düsseldorf, ditto; from then till the 20th of September, London, care of C. Klingemann, Hobart Place, Eaton Square, Pimlico; from the end of September again in Leipsic. Is not that very precise? And my pianoforte piece? Am I ever to get it? Do tell me, for I should so like something new and good to play, and I can hardly count on my concerto for that. And now farewell, dear friend. Write to me soon. Many many remembrances to your mother, and thank her for the love and kindness which she has so often shown me; think of me sometimes, and let us look forward to a happy meeting soon.

"YOUR FELIX M. B."

I too at last set out on my journey, beginning by wandering through the Black Forest on foot, and spending some delightful days in Baden with my friend Ferdinand David, also just married, and his lively, refined, and interesting wife. Thence I went to the Tyrol, and late in the autumn to Italy, where I spent that winter, and where my mother, who could not bear to be separated from me, joined me as soon as the weather began to get pleasant. Mendelssohn's letters to me during that time, some of which follow here, give a far better picture of the highly gifted man, and the true friend, than my pen can possibly do.

"LONDON, 1st September, 1837.

"DEAR FERDINAND,—Here I sit—in the fog—very cross—without my wife—writing to you, because your letter of the day before yesterday requires it; otherwise I should hardly do so, for I am much too cross and melancholy to-day. It's nine days since I parted from Cécile at Düsseldorf; the first were quite bearable, though very wearisome;

but now I have got into the whirl of London—great distances—too many people—my head crammed with business and accounts and money matters and arrangements—and it is becoming unbearable, and I wish I were sitting with Cécile, and that I had let Birmingham be Birmingham, and that I could enjoy my life more than I do to-day. Damn it—you know what that means, don't you? and I have three more weeks of it before me, and have got to play the organ at B. on the 22nd and be in Leipsic again on the 30th—in a word, I wish I were rid of the whole business. I must be a little fond of my wife, because I find that England and the fog and beef and porter have such a horribly bitter taste this time—and I used to like them so much. You seem to be having a splendid journey, and this letter will see finer country than I do, as it has to go to Innspruck. Do inquire at Innspruck if anybody knows anything about a Herr Christanell of Schwatz, who has written to me twice, and calls himself a great amateur of music, and about whom I should like to know more. And so you are seriously thinking about your Jeremiah, and all the while striding off to Italy to compose operas there for the season? You really are a mad 'old Drama.'

"It is pretty quiet here. Most people are away in the country or elsewhere. The Moscheles have been at Hamburg already some weeks, and I shall not see them; Thalberg is giving concerts at Manchester and other places; he has made an extraordinary sensation and is very much liked everywhere, and I hope still to meet him; Rosenhain is at Boulogne, and comes back soon; Benedict at Putney, *à la campagne*; Miss Clara Novello travelling from one Festival to another, and will probably only be in Italy next spring; till then she comes to Leipsic for our concerts (pray forgive me, I would willingly give her up to you, but—duty). I met Neukomm on the Rhine steamer, as polite and unapproachable as ever, and yet showing a friendly interest in me; he asked a great deal after you, &c., &c. Simrock promised to write directly, and put himself into communication with you about the manuscripts; I told him I did not know whether you had anything for him just at present, that it was more for the future; has he written? I have heard nothing from my people in Berlin for so long (more than five weeks) that I am beginning to be anxious—and that adds greatly to my melancholy. I



composed a great deal whilst we were on the Rhine, but I don't mean to do anything here but swear,—and long for my Cécile. What's the good of all the double counterpoint in the world when she is not with me? I must leave off my complaints and my letter, or you will be laughing at me at Innspruck in the sunshine. Address to Leipsic again,—I wish I were there. It seems that Chopin came over here quite suddenly a fortnight ago, paid no visits and saw nobody, played very beautifully at Broadwood's one evening, and then took himself off again. They say he is still very ill and miserable. Cécile will have given my remembrances to your people herself. So farewell, dear 'Drama,' and forgive this horribly stupid letter, it is exactly what I am myself.

"YOUR FELIX M. B.

"The chief thing I leave for the P.S., just as all girls do. Am I ever to get your E minor Symphony? Do send it to me! You have cheated me out of my concert piece. Get me the E minor Symphony, the Leipzigers must hear it—and like it."

"LEIPSIC, 10th December, 1837.

"MY DEAR FERDINAND,—I thank you with all my heart for having written to me in November, in spite of my last month's irregularity; I really could hardly have believed it. The arranging of my new house, moving into it, with many concerts and a deal of business—in short, all the impediments, whatever they may be, which a regular Philistine, like I, can only enumerate to a smart and lively Italian like you—my installation as master of the house, tenant, musical director of the Subscription concerts—all this prevented me from doing my regular correspondence last month. But just because of that I wanted to beg you, and I do beg you to-day most earnestly, that in spite of all the inconceivable difference of our position and surroundings, we should stick fast to our promise of monthly letters; I feel that it might be doubly interesting and good for us both to hear about each other, now that we have become so desperately divided, and yet just for that reason all the nearer to each other. At least I find that whenever I think of Milan and Liszt and Rossini, it gives me a curious feeling to remember that you are in the midst of it all; and with you in the plains of Lombardy it is perhaps the same when you think of me and Leipsic. But next time you must write me a long detailed letter, full of particulars, you can't imagine

how they interest me; you must tell me where you live, what you are writing, and everything that you can about Liszt and Pixis and Rossini, about the white dome, about the Corso—I do so love that enchanting country, and it's a double pleasure to hear from you from it—you really mustn't use half-sheets there. Above all, tell me if you enjoy it and revel in it as thoroughly as I did? Mind you do, and mind you drink in the air with as much ecstasy, and idle away the days as systematically as I did—but why should I say all this, you will do it anyhow. Only please write me a great deal about it.

"You want to know whether I am satisfied here? Just tell me yourself if I ought not to be satisfied, living here with Cécile in a nice, new, comfortable house, with an open view over gardens and fields and the city towers, feeling so serenely happy, so calmly joyful as I have never felt since I left my parents' house, and able to command good things, and goodwill on all sides? I am decidedly of opinion, either this place or none at all. I felt that very strongly after the reports about —'s place in —; no ten horses and no ten thousand thalers could take me there, to a little court, which for that very reason is more pretentious than the great ones, with the utter isolation of petty musical doings, and the obligation of being there the whole year managing the theatre and the opera, instead of having my six months free. However there are also many days when I think *no* post would be the best of all. Two months of such constant conducting takes more out of me than two years of composing all day long; in the winter I hardly get to it at all here. At the end of the greatest turmoil if I ask myself what I have actually been doing, after all it is hardly worth speaking of, at least it does not interest me particularly whether or not all the recognized good things are given one time more or better. I am only interested now in the new things, and of these there are few enough. I often think I should like to retire completely, never conduct any more, and only write; but then again there is a certain charm in an organized musical system like this, and in having the direction of it. But what will you care about this in Milan? Still I must tell you, if you ask me how I like being here. I felt the same thing at Birmingham; I have never before made such decided *effect* with my music as there, and have never seen the public so entirely taken up with me alone, and yet there is something about it, what shall I call it,

something flighty and evanescent, which rather saddens and depresses than encourages me. It so happened that there was an antidote to all these eulogies, on the spot, in the shape of Neukomm; this time they ran him down wholesale, received him in cold silence, and completely set him aside in all the arrangements, whereas three years ago they exalted him to the skies, put him above all other composers, and applauded him at every step. You will say that his music is not worth anything, and in that no doubt we agree, but still, those who were enraptured then, and now affect such superiority, do not know that. I am indignant about the whole affair, and Neukomm's quiet, equable behaviour appeared to me doubly praiseworthy and dignified when compared to theirs. This resolute demeanour of his has made me like him much better. Just fancy also that I had to go straight from the organ loft into the mail coach, and drive for six days and five nights on end till I got to Frankfurt, then on again from there the next day, arriving here only four hours before the beginning of the first concert. Well then, since that we have given eight concerts, such as you know, and the 'Messiah' in the church. Our star this winter is Clara Novello, who has come over for six concerts, and has really delighted the whole public. When I listen to that healthy little person, with her pure clear voice, and her animated singing, I often think that I have actually stolen her away from you in Italy, for she was going straight there, and now will not go till the spring. But by persuading her to come here I was able to do our cause the greatest service, for this time it is she alone who puts life and spirit into it, and as I said before, the 'public are wild about her. The air from 'Titus' with *corno di bassetto*, the Polacca from Bellini's 'Puritani,' and an English Aria of Handel's, have driven the public quite frantic, and they swear that without Clara Novello there is no salvation. Her whole family are here with her, and are very pleasant people. You are often and much thought of. The finest of the new things was Beethoven's 'Glorreicher Augenblick,' a long Cantata (three-quarters of an hour, choruses, solos, etc.) in honour of the three monarchs who met at the Vienna Congress; there are splendid things in it, amongst others a Cavatina,—a prayer, quite in Beethoven's grand style, but with wretchedly stupid words, where 'heller Glanz' is made to rhyme with 'Kaiser Franz,' followed by a great flourish of trumpets, and now Haslinger has actually

put other words to it, and calls it 'The praise of Music,' and these are even more wretched, for 'poesy' is made to rhyme with 'noble harmony,' and the flourish of trumpets comes in—still more stupidly. And so we spend our days in Germany. David played my E minor quartet in public the other day, and is to repeat it to-day 'by special desire;' I am curious to know how I shall like it; I thought it much prettier last time than I did at first, but still I do not care much about it. I have begun a new one which is almost finished, and which is better. I have also done a few new songs, some of which would probably please you, but my piano-forte concerto I think you would challenge. It's your own fault, why haven't you sent me your promised piece? You perhaps don't know that Ricordi, the music-seller, often sends parcels here to Wilhelm Härtel. So you might put it in some day. There's a delicate reminder! I have had to get the score of your E minor Symphony written out from the parts; the score that came with it (in your own hand) had an almost totally different first movement, the *Andante Allegretto* in B flat instead of C, and the two last movements quite different,—in short I did not know what to do, and only yesterday had the pleasure of receiving the old well-known score from the copyist and playing it through at once. I have put it down for one of the January concerts, and it will form the second part by itself. The two middle movements are quite superb. Now I must stop. Give Liszt many remembrances from me, and tell him how often and with what pleasure I think of him. Remember me to Rossini, if he likes being remembered by me. And above all, keep fond of me yourself.

"YOUR FELIX."

"LEIPSIK, 20th January, 1838.

"You Milanese 'Drama,' you begin your letter so contemptuously, and look down so upon my reminder about punctuality, that I had almost resolved, first to be very punctual myself, and secondly not to remind you any more. But as you may see from the date that I have not kept the first resolution, I also cannot answer for my keeping the second and slipping a reminder into this letter now and then—you may attend to them or despise them, as you like; I am past improvement, as you see (I mean, "incorrigible"). But joking apart, I should have written to you at the New Year, and thanked you for your dear

good wishes, and given you mine, but I was prevented in the most tiresome way by an indisposition or illness which attacked me in the last week of the year and unhappily has not yet subsided. This has put me into such bad spirits, and at times made me so desperate, that even to-day I only write because I see that it is no use waiting till I am better. I am suffering, as I did four years ago, from complete deafness of one ear, with occasional pains in the head and neck, &c.; the weakness in the ear keeps on without any interruption, and as I had to conduct and to play in spite of it (I have been keeping my room for a fortnight) you may imagine my agony, not being able properly to hear either the orchestra, or my own playing on the piano. Last time it passed off after six weeks, and God grant that it may do the same this time; but though I summon up all my courage, I cannot quite help being anxious, as, till now, in spite of all remedies, there is no change, and often I do not even hear when people are speaking in the room. Besides this there is another, still greater anxiety, from which I hope every day to be released, and which does not leave me for a moment. My mother-in-law has been here for a fortnight, you know for what reason. When you see your whole happiness, your whole existence, depending upon one inevitable moment, it gives you a peculiar sensation. Perhaps my health will be better when the weather improves, I hardly remember such a winter; for a whole fortnight we have had from 14 to 22 degrees of cold, yesterday at last it was milder, but we had a snowstorm, which is still going on and has almost blocked up the streets. How is it with you in Milan?

"A thousand thanks for the details in your last letter, they interest me more than you can imagine, living as you do in the very midst of so much that sounds quite fabulous here. You must tell me a great deal about it all whenever you write; tell me about your Psalm, and how they sang it, and whether you have already begun the opera, and what *genre* you have chosen, and about Pixis' *début*—in short, all about what you are doing and what you like. Here everything goes on in the usual quiet musical way. We have one subscription concert every week; and you pretty well know what we do there. For the New Year, when the concert always opens with sacred music, we performed my psalm 'As pants the hart.' I have written a new and very elaborate chorus as a *finale* to it, and the whole psalm pleased me a good deal, be-

cause it is one of the few things of my own which I am as fond of now as when I was writing it. A symphony by Täglichsbeck, which was very much praised in Paris, and played at the Conservatoire, made very little impression here, and seemed to me nothing particular. Henselt the pianist was here shortly before the New Year, and certainly plays exquisitely; there is no question about his belonging to the first rank, but it is still uncertain whether he will be able sufficiently to master his German anxiety and conscientiousness, that is to say, his weak nerves, so as to make himself generally known, and play in London or Paris. He practises the whole day till he and his fingers are so done up that in the evening if he has to give a concert he is quite tired and exhausted, and then, compared to other times, plays mechanically and imperfectly. His great specialty is playing wide-spread chords. He keeps on all day stretching his fingers, and amongst other things does the following, *prestissimo* :—



He has also written charming Studies, which form a great feature at his concerts. He is now gone to Russia. We played your Overture in E at his concert; it went well, and we enjoyed it much. The Fernando Overture will come next; but your mother did not send me the corrected score, only the parts, which I did not want, because we have them here. I got nothing but the score of the E minor Symphony, which you said was to be burned, but with your leave or without it I shall not do so. It is strange that again I do not take to the last movement, whilst the second and third movements please me more than they did before. The symphony is fixed for one of the February concerts. A symphony by Bürgmüller (from Düsseldorf) was very much liked the other day. Yesterday Schleinitz brought me your G minor song (in the 'Europa'), sang it to me, and made me guess whose it was; to my great annoyance I couldn't, and was vexed with myself afterwards, for I ought to have known it by the beginning, and by the close in G minor in the middle. In the way of new things I have almost finished the violin quartet, and also a sonata for piano and cello, and the day before yesterday sent

Breitkopf and Härtel six four-part songs for mixed voices, small things for singing in the open air, or at parties. The Novello, who has made *la pluie* and *le beau temps* here, and who at her farewell concert was smothered with poems and flowers, and endlessly applauded and shouted at, is gone to Berlin to sing there; she passes through here again, and will perhaps give us two more Arias, which Leipzig has begged for on its knees, and is to be in Italy by the spring. In what part, I fancy she knows at present as little as I do. She has given the concerts a splendid impetus this winter, and even if it is difficult to replace her, the good effect will last for a time. But what do you say to Ries's sudden death? It was a great blow to me and gave me a strange feeling, just because his manner and way of going on had displeased me—but this news is such an utter contrast to all that as to make me completely forget everything else for the moment. The Cæcilia Society certainly seems strangely fated. I have no idea who could or would undertake it now. Only a week ago Ries was suffering merely from gout and jaundice;—and in two days he is suddenly dead.—If you were in Germany now I should say you ought to go to Weimar in Hummel's place; there must be much that is nice about it; perhaps it will remain vacant till you come back some day. You would like Weimar very much. Above all, if you would only come back, there is no want of places, I see that plainly now, it is only the men that are wanting—it's my old story over again. And you say that I am long past all that now. And I hope that it is still *before you*."

"LEIPSIK, 14th April, 1838.

"DEAR FERDINAND,—You will be angry with me for my long silence; again I can do nothing but beg pardon, and hope that you will transform your wrath into gentleness when you see my well-known fist. A great deal has happened between this and the last letter, and much which prevented me from writing. No, doubt you have heard through your mother that Cécile presented me with a son on the 7th of February; but perhaps you don't yet know that towards the end of the month she suddenly became dreadfully ill and for four days and four nights had to struggle with a terrible fever and all kinds of other evils. Then she recovered, thank God, quicker than could have been expected, though slowly enough, and it is only quite lately that all traces of illness have disappeared, and that

she is again as cheerful and looks as well and fresh as you recollect her. What I went through at that time, I could not tell you in any letter, nor indeed in words; but you will be able to imagine it to yourself, dear Ferdinand. And now, that all the anxiety is over, and my wife and child are well, I feel so happy, and yet not a<sup>u</sup> bit 'philisterhaft;' you may laugh as much as you like, I don't care, it is too lovely and delightful to see a wee little fellow like that, who has brought his mother's blue eyes and snub nose into the world with him, and knows her so well that he laughs to her whenever she comes into the room; when he is lying at her breast and they both look so happy—I don't know what to do with myself for joy. After that I could decline *mensa*, or do finger exercises with anybody for as long as ever they liked, and gladly allow you to laugh at me. In a few days we go to Berlin, so that Cécile may get to know my youngest sister and the whole family; Paul and his wife were here last month, and stood godfather and godmother to the little one at his christening. The little man is called Carl Wolfgang Paul. In Berlin I shall see how my wife gets on at our house; if it's all right, I shall go alone to the musical festival at Cologne in four weeks, and come back directly afterwards to Berlin, so as to spend the summer quietly there or here and work. If not, Cécile will go with me to Cologne; but as my mother and sisters would not at all like that, I think she will probably stay with them, and perhaps go to the Rhine with me next year. These are my plans for the present. And you? If I were you I should certainly have trudged off to Rome yesterday for Good Friday and Palm Sunday, and I keep thinking that it is still possible you may have done so. On Palm Sunday I always think of the papal chapel and the golden palm branches; in the way of ceremony and grandeur it is the most solemn and splendid thing that I ever saw, and I should like you to see it and think so too. You do tell me capital things about Milan and your life there; how funny that you should find your Paris circle there again—Liszt, Nourrit, Pixis, &c. But it must all be intensely interesting, and I already look forward to the account you are to give me at Leipzig some day of all the 'circumstances.' You will have enough to tell. And indeed you have hit off a horribly truthful picture of the blissful happiness of a Hofcapellmeister at —, and the blissful patience of the German public. I have had some

terrible glimpses into that during the course of this winter, for instance, in the case of the post at —, for which they wanted to get me (probably because a couple of newspaper correspondents had said so) and where they have again been using the most beautiful artifices to make me *apply* for it, because they did not like to speak straightforwardly and properly to a musician; however they were obliged to at last, and in return I had the pleasure of most politely refusing it, and so I see once more how right you were with your dismal description. And yet there is a certain something in this Germany of ours—I hardly know what, but it attracts me so much, and I should like to convince you. It is my old story over again, which you have already heard two hundred times, and which you have disputed four hundred times. Certainly the state of the theatre, such as you describe it in Italy, is better and has more life in it than ours, but you should help us to bring about an improvement. — and his followers will never do it, they only drive the cart deeper into the mire, and will disappear without leaving a trace.

"But to turn to something better. Could you and would you send me a copy of your Psalm? and also any other new thing that you may have, and give the whole parcel to Ricordi who often sends things here to W. Härtel? That would be splendid of you, and I beg you many many times to do it. I also have been rather busy this winter. David played a new violin Quartet of mine in E flat, in public the other day at the last of his Soirées, and I think you would find real progress in it; I have begun a third; I have also finished a concert piece for piano and orchestra (a sort of Serenade and Rondo, for of course I shall never get yours), a new Psalm (the 95th),—I suppose I have already written to you about my having added four numbers to the 42nd—and then there's a set of four-part songs for open-air singing, and various other little creatures that would so much like you to clip and brush them a little if you were here. *Apropos*, isn't this rich? They have been giving a first performance of my 'St. Paul' at Dresden, with all sorts of wonderful preparations, and ten days before, R. writes me a formal letter, saying that they wished to shorten the first part a little, and he should therefore cut out the chorus 'Rise up, arise,' with the chorale 'Sleepers wake,' as those numbers did not appear to him to be necessary for the action. I was stupid enough

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to be frightfully put out for a whole day at this piece of presumption, but you too will think it rich.

Clara Novello will really soon be in Italy now. I hear that she is at Munich, and will go on from there direct. She went from here to Berlin, where she had such incredible success, that I am afraid it made her a little over-confident, for at Dresden and Vienna, where she went directly afterwards, she is said to have made very little sensation. In Berlin, on the other hand, she gave two concerts, sang twice for the poor, four times at the theatre, twice at court, and how can I tell where besides? Mind you pay her every possible attention, if she flutters into your arms.

And now I must close, though I still have quantities of things to say. More next time. My wife sends you many best remembrances. She is busy about the journey. Please write to me to Berlin (Leipziger Strasse No. 3), then you shall have Berlin news in exchange for Milan news (by which I should lose a good many yards.) But goodbye, dear Ferdinand, be happy, and always fond of your "F. M."

"BERLIN, the 15th of July, 1838.

"DEAR FERDINAND,—As all manner of creatures were created by God, to wander about the earth, had correspondents among the number, don't be too angry with me for having got this nature. I have times when the ink will not flow, and if I could get answers (for instance from you) without first writing myself, I really should quite forget how to write. You may perceive, first from my long silence and from my present stiff writing, that this is one of those times. But as I said before, it is for the sake of the answer. I hope you will discover some quite new way of abusing me for the beginning of your letter, because then I am sure to get it soon. And besides, you will have to answer as a man of business, for I am writing on business, to ask about the Overture which you promised us for the concerts. What has become of it? I hope we shall get it, and then we can at once put it down for the beginning of the concerts (end of September). Don't retort that I have not sent you my things by Härtel's, as you begged; you know that since then, I came here, and have been leading rather a disturbed life, and besides, what can you want with them now? I would rather play them all to you *en gros* when at last you come back to the 'Vaterland.' But with you it is different; because yours would be a help to me in my

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performances, and would give us pleasure, and you have promised it me, and I shall keep you to your word. It is to be hoped the overture is finished, and it is also to be hoped that you will send it. I feel more eager about it than I have about any piece of music for a long time, just as I do about your Italian life and doings altogether. I fancy you now sitting by the lake of Como with your mother; it must be a delicious kind of life. And I suppose you also go lounging about with Liszt, and paying court to the Novello, who, I hear, is in Milan, taking lessons; is she still your particular favourite? What do you say to her singing, and to her looks? I have now been here in my old home since May. It gives me a peculiar sensation, so much in it is changed, so much in my own self is changed, and yet there is a sort of comfortable homelike feeling in it as if I had never left it. Then my family is so secluded and isolated here that one really knows very little of Berlin, and hardly comes into contact with anybody but the people in the house. This has its good side, as well as its disadvantages; and looking around me now as a stranger and free from prejudices, I certainly feel glad that I did not stay, however much I may regret it on account of my family; but the climate and the air here are unfruitful and good for nothing. For study and work and isolation Berlin is just the place, but hardly at all for enjoyment. Everything in my former life has now for the first time become quite clear to me, and I see plainly how all my hostilities with the people and my bad position were brought about of necessity; and this has made these months especially interesting to me. We are quite pleased with each other now, and on the whole I like Berlin very much, because now that I have got rid of the wretched business altogether, I can enjoy what is good in the place without embittering it to myself. The first evening after my arrival we went to the theatre to hear Gluck's 'Armida'; I have hardly ever, if ever, enjoyed anything so much at the opera. That great mass of thoroughly-trained musicians and singers, ably conducted by Spontini, the splendid house, full to suffocation, the 'good *mise-en-scène*, and with all that the wonderful music, made such an impression on me that I was obliged to say to myself that there was nothing to be done with small towns and small means and small circles, and that it was quite another thing here. But how often since have I had to retract that. The very

day after, they gave a so-called Memorial Festival for Beethoven, and played his A major Symphony so atrociously, that I soon had to beg many pardons of my small town and my small means; the coarseness and effrontery of the playing were such as I have never heard anywhere, and such as I can only explain to myself by the whole nature of the Prussian official, which is about as well suited for music as a strait-waistcoat is for a man. And even then it is an unconscious strait-waistcoat. Well, since then I have heard a good deal in the way of quartets and symphonies, and playing and singing in private circles, and have altogether begged pardon of my little town. At most places here music is carried on with the same mediocrity and carelessness and assumption as ever, which quite sufficiently explains my old wrath, and the very imperfect means I had of managing things. It all hangs together with the sand, the situation, and the official life, so that though one may enjoy individual appearances well enough, one cannot become better acquainted with anybody. The Gluck operas may be reckoned amongst such enjoyable appearances. Is it not strange that they always draw a full house, and that the public applauds and is enchanted and calls the singers back? And that it is about the only place in the world where such a thing is possible? And that the next evening the 'Postillon' draws just as full a house? And that in Bavaria it is forbidden to have any music in any Catholic or Protestant church, because it desecrates the church? And that *chorales* are becoming *obligato* at the theatres? Confound it all.—However the chief thing is to get as much novelty as possible, and that there should be plenty of good and beautiful things in the world; that is why I am so eager about your Overture and your Opera. You will have heard that I was at Cologne for the festival. It all went well; the organ was splendidly effective in Handel and still more so in Bach—(it was some newly-discovered music of his, which you don't yet know, with a grand double chorus). But even that, to my feeling at least, was wanting in the interest that one feels for something new and untried; I like so much when there is that kind of uncertainty which leaves room for me and the public to have an opinion; in Beethoven and Handel and Bach one knows beforehand what it will be, and must always be, and a great deal more besides. You are quite right in saying that it is better in Italy, where people have new

music every year, and must also have a new opinion every year,—if only the music and the opinions were a little bit better. At this you snort and say: what is 'better'? Well, if you want to know, something more to my taste. But really Germany seems to be possessed with the devil; Guhr has just been giving two tremendously brilliant performances of the 'Creation'; all the newspapers are talking about the passage 'Let there be light,' where Guhr placed the bands of some Austrian and Prussian regiments in the church, and made them blow their loudest. And the Cecilia Society is conducted by V., who as far as I know is the best that they can get; and S. is making speeches in Mozart's honour, and all that is also not to my taste. Perhaps after all my taste is perverted—the possibility of it occasionally dawns upon me—but I must make the best of it, though I certainly have about as much difficulty in swallowing most of these things, as the stork had with the porridge in the shallow dish. The stork reminds me of my boy who is stout and fat and merry, and takes after his mother both in looks and disposition, which is an inexpressible delight to me, because it is the best thing he can do. Cécile is well and blooming and sends you many greetings.

"But I have not told you anything about what I have been writing, I mean what music: two Rondos for Piano, one with and one without orchestra, two Sonatas, one with violin, the other with Cello, one Psalm, and just now I am at a third violin Quartet, and have a Symphony in my head, which will soon be launched. In B flat. And you? Do you mean to send the overture? A thousand affectionate greetings to your mother. Enjoy your life in that heavenly country and think nicely of me.

"Your F.M.B."

"BERLIN, 17th August, 1838.

"DEAR FERDINAND,—Your yesterday's letter delighted me so much, that I do not like to lose any time in telling you so. It is the nicest of all that I have ever had from you, and I read it again and again, always with new delight at the happy and tranquil mood which it reflected, at each separate good and loving thing in it, at the beginning and the middle and the end. I am so glad that such happiness should fall to your share, and I wish you joy of it with all my heart, or rather I enjoy it with you, for I see from your letter how well you know how to enjoy it.

It must indeed be delightful there at Bellagio with your mother; and it is because you seem so penetrated by this happy feeling, that your letter gave me so much pleasure, for, I confess, I had hardly expected it. What you tell me about the new oratorio is also not so bad, and I can see from all this that you are just now living exactly the sort of life that I always wished you to live, and about which I was always holding forth to you—it's all the same *where*—may Heaven keep it so for you always, and may you always think of me as affectionately as you do in this letter. The Babylonians certainly had valve trumpets (in fact all Babylon was a kind of valve trumpet), such luxurious, arrogant Orientals would hardly be satisfied with mere trumpets in C. But please don't call them *trompettes à piston* in your score, I have such a hatred for the word *piston*—you see I am a regular doctor of philosophy. Well, and when the oratorio is finished, are we to hear it in Germany? Now, that will really be a word in season. Only mind you do it somewhere within my reach, so that I also may have my share in it, I mean in the first performance; you should do it in Leipsic, that would be splendid, and all the singing and playing faculties of the place should be on their mettle for your service. Do get it done soon, and tell me a great deal about it, so that I may at least have a foretaste of it meanwhile.

"I agree with every word you say about the Novello, and also about Liszt. I am very sorry that we are not to have the overture, but of course I can understand that you don't want any of it to be played before the first performance. And will that be next winter? And is the whole oratorio actually sketched out in four parts? That's really industrious. In this way you at once give me an example for the ten operas and ten oratorios which you say I am to write in the next twenty years. I assure you, I feel the greatest desire and stimulus to follow your advice and example, if only there were one true poet to be found in the world, and he were my friend. It is too difficult to find all that at once. One would have to be driven to it. Germany is wanting in such people, and that is a great misfortune. Meantime as long as I don't find any, I shift for myself, and I suppose one will turn up at last. Your psalm with the instrumental accompaniment and your wedding-chorus I received here, haven't I thanked you for them yet? It seems to me as if I had, and if I am mistaken I must

tell you again how much pleasure you gave me with the latter, and what happy days are recalled by every note of the former. Your abridged *Fernando Overture* I received at Leipsic, and I think of giving it at the beginning of the Subscription Concerts; I shall write you all about it, and send it to you directly afterwards (at the beginning of November perhaps, if that is soon enough ?) by Härtel and Ricordi. I shall add a couple of new things of my own; I wonder what sort of impression they will make upon you in Italy!

"My time at Berlin is almost over now, I think of going back to Leipsic in four days; they are going to do my 'St. Paul' there in the church, and the rehearsals begin next week. Our family life here has been so pleasant; yesterday evening, when I went over to tea and found them all assembled, I read them a good deal out of your letter, which gave them great pleasure, and they told me to give you many kind remembrances. We were together like that every evening, talking politics, arguing, and making music, and it was so nice and pleasant. We only had three invitations the whole time, and of music in public I heard little more than I was obliged; it is too bad, in spite of the best resources; I saw a performance of 'Oberon' last week which was beyond all conception—I believe the thing never once went together all through; at the Sing-Akademie they sang me a piece of my own, in such a way that I should have got seriously angry, if Cécile had not sat by me and kept on saying: 'dear husband, do calm yourself.' They also played me some quartets, and always bungled the very same passages that they had bungled ten years ago, and which had made me furious ten years ago—another proof of the immortality of the soul. My third violin quartet in D is finished; the first movement pleases me beyond measure, and I wish I could play it to you,—especially a *forte* passage at the end which you would be sure to like. I am also thinking of composing an opera of Planché's next year; I have already got two acts of the libretto, and like them well enough to begin to set to work. The subject is taken from English history in the Middle Ages, rather

serious, with a siege and a famine,—I am eager to see the end of the libretto, which I expect next week. I also still hope to get words for an oratorio this year.—You see, that I was already going to follow your advice of my own accord, but, as I said before, the aid and invention of the poet is wanting, and that is the chief thing. Pianoforte pieces are not exactly the things which I write with the greatest pleasure, or even with real success, but I sometimes want a new thing to play, and then it also occasionally happens that something exactly suitable for the piano comes into my head, and even if there are no regular passages in it, why should I be afraid of writing it down? Then, a very important branch of pianoforte music which I am particularly fond of—Trios, Quartets and other things with accompaniment,—is quite forgotten now, and I greatly feel the want of something new in that line. I should like to do a little towards this. It was with this idea that I lately wrote the Sonata for violin, and the one for Cello, and I am thinking next of writing a couple of Trios. I have got a Symphony in B flat in hand now, and mean to get it finished soon. I only hope that we shall not have too many foreign *virtuosi* at Leipsic this winter, and that I shall not have too many honours to enjoy, which means, concerts to conduct. So Herr F. has gone all the way to Milan. Brr, he is enough to spoil the warm climate. Yes, you see, I have to digest such creatures, and am in Leipsic, instead of at Cadenabbia, where I once was, opposite your present lodging. When I am writing to you at the lake of Como, I feel the greatest longing to see that paradise again, and who knows what I may do in the next years! But you will first have to be here with your oratorio, which is best of all. Do you know that my sister Fanny will perhaps see you soon? She intends going to Italy with her husband and child, and only returning next year. When I know more definitely about her journey I will tell you, so that she may not miss you, as Franck did. Now good-bye, write to me soon to Leipsic, just such another splendid letter. Once more, thanks. Remember me to your mother. Farewell, farewell.

"Your FELIX."

*To be continued.*

## AN ECONOMIC EXPERIMENT IN GHENT.

PRUDENTIAL warnings against thriftlessness and waste have become so trite, and devices for encouraging the habit of saving are now so numerous and multiform, that a little diffidence may well be felt by a writer who ventures to address himself again to this well-worn subject. We have savings-banks, provident societies, benefit clubs, building societies, co-operative factories and shops, beside innumerable blanket, shoe, and clothing clubs. But the extent to which all or any of them actually influence the habits of the operative classes as a whole, is yet comparatively insignificant. The proportion of earnings withdrawn from immediate consumption and reserved as part of the capital of the future is still small; the number of workmen who habitually save is relatively smaller still; and the economic truisms about the sin of improvidence, and the duty of saving, are in practice so insufficiently recognized, that they constantly need fresh illustration and enforcement, from new points of view, and in new forms. One such new illustration is furnished by a remarkable experiment lately tried in connection with the Primary Schools of Ghent, with which I became acquainted during a recent visit to that city.

Ghent is a thriving town of about 121,000 souls, and contains a large operative class. It also contains a Free, (i.e. non-clerical) University, with about 500 students. The Primary Schools are said to be very efficient, and are under the supervision of a communal Council. This Council, though it sustains the schools and periodically inspects them, does not dispense with voluntary aid, and two important Societies—the *Société Callier*, and the *Cercle*

*pour l'encouragement de l'instruction primaire*—co-operate with the Council, by the offer of prizes in the schools, and by various forms of stimulus and help to the teachers. Some seven years ago it occurred to M. Laurent, the Professor of Civil Law in the University, that much might be done through the agency of the Primary Schools to familiarize the people while young with habits of economy and forethought. Accordingly he called the teachers of the Ghent Public Schools together, explained to them his plans, and having inspired them with some of his own enthusiasm on the subject, proceeded, with their full concurrence, to visit the schools one by one, in order to give simple economic lessons to the children. He went from class to class, and from scholar to scholar, enforcing and illustrating the advantages of saving, and showing how it might be practised. A plan was devised by which the teacher of each class undertook to receive the little savings of the children from day to day, even a single centime at a time. As soon as the deposits of a pupil amount to one franc, he receives a *livret d'épargne* or savings-bank book, and a deposit account is opened in his name with the State Savings-Bank, which gives interest at the rate of 3 per cent. Each school also opens with the savings-bank its own separate account, in which all the smaller deposits are placed from day to day, the pupil's deposit being transferred under an arrangement with the bank into his own name as often as it amounts to a franc. Simple books and cards of account are provided by the administration of the bank, and the children receive duplicates, folded in a strong cover, to be carried home from time to time for the information of their

parents ; but generally to be preserved at the school. The signature of a parent or guardian is required whenever any deposit is withdrawn.

By these simple arrangements the opportunity of making little savings was brought closely within reach of every child in the Ghent schools, and the moral influences of gentle and kindly persuasion were brought to bear by Professor Laurent and the teachers with singular success. The response made by the children and their parents to his appeals has been marked during the last six years by an emphasis and a steady persistence which are well deserving of attention.

The Public Schools of the city fall into four classes. Those most numerously attended are the Free Primary Schools, maintained in great part at the expense of the communal Council. In these there are 4,315 boys and 3,674 girls, or 7,989 in all. Then there are the *Écoles payantes*, Primary Schools of the same educational character, but not gratuitous, designed for children of a higher social rank. In these there are 1,079 scholars. In the *Écoles Gardiennes*, or Free Infant Schools, there are 3,039 children ; and in the Adult Schools, which are held in the evening or on the Sunday, there are 3,285 men and women under regular instruction. Out of this total of 15,392 pupils, no less than 13,032 are this year in possession of accounts in the savings-bank. The uniformity and steadiness with which the system has taken root in the schools may be estimated from these figures.

#### I.—NUMBER OF DEPOSITORS.

	In 1867.	In 1869.	In 1871.	In 1873.	Number of Pupils in 1873.
Free Primary Schools .	4,182	6,995	7,229	7,583	7,989
Paying Schools .	401	666	628	640	1,079
Infant Schools .		1,075	1,572	1,920	3,039
Adult Schools .	628	1,801	2,724	2,889	3,285
	5,301	10,537	12,153	13,032	15,392

#### II.—SUMS DEPOSITED.

	1867.	1869.	1871.	1873.
	Fr.	Fr.	Fr.	£
Free Primary Schools .	23,014	55,685	172,643	274,602 or 10,984
Paying Schools .	3,666	13,220	19,347	22,687 or 907
Infant Schools .		4,880	87,803	66,523 or 2,661
Adult Schools .	5,227	22,513	68,203	99,252 or 3,970
	31,907	96,298	297,996	463,064 or £18,522

Thus, the average sum now standing to the credit of each depositor is about thirty-five francs. It will be seen that, relatively to the numbers, the largest success has been attained in the schools of the first class, the scholars in the ordinary juvenile schools being necessarily more amenable to influences of this kind than those of the second class, older and more thoughtful than those of the third, and with habits of extravagance which, if acquired at all, are less confirmed than those of the fourth. The work has been done without Government authority or pressure of any kind, but simply through the energetic initiative of one earnest man, aided by the sympathy of the teachers and local managers. The reports show that there is also a steady growth in the interest with which the parents regard the experiment. At first, the act of economy was mainly that of the child, who was induced to put by the halfpence he would otherwise have spent in fruit or sweetmeats. But besides this, children are often entrusted by their parents with small sums expressly for the purpose of being added to the store. And the general result, that in a simple town of moderate size, upwards of 10,000 children have opened separate accounts in the savings-bank, and that nearly 15,000*l.* are deposited in their names, is one which is full of encouragement to the thoughtful philanthropists who devised the plan, and which has already produced a very marked effect on the social and moral life of the working classes in Ghent. The experiment has created great interest through-



out Belgium. In Antwerp, in Bruges, and in the rural districts, successful efforts have been made to secure the adoption of the same plan; and last year a new association for the special encouragement of saving has been formed, under distinguished auspices, with its head-quarters at Brussels, and designed to operate on all the communal and state schools of the country, in a systematic manner.

That country, like our own, abounds with voluntary associations for ameliorating the condition of the poor in various ways. Many of these societies seek to attain their object by means of rewards and scholarships, designed to encourage children to remain longer at school; others aim at the formation of workmen's clubs and societies for recreation, for historic readings and discussions, for simple theatrical exhibitions and fêtes, and for organized visits to famous factories, museums and monuments. But in all of them; the plan of explaining and recommending the use of the savings-bank, and bringing that institution close to the pupils in the school or the evening class, is now becoming recognized as one of the chief engines of usefulness. For example, there is an active society in Brussels, specially designed to improve the education of girls and young women; and this object is attained to a considerable extent by means of prizes to meritorious pupils, and to those governesses whose efforts to raise the standard of instruction have been most successful. But the prizes and bursaries thus distributed, always consist, in whole or in part, of a savings-bank book, inscribed with the pupil's name and crediting her with a small sum of money, which is not to be withdrawn till after a given time.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> I have lately met with an instance in England of the adoption of this simple and sensible device. At the Parish School of St. Luke's, London, a small sum was in 1868 rescued from some obsolete charitable endowments, and converted, at the suggestion of Mr. Thomas Hare, into a fund for providing annually three prizes or exhibitions of 5*l.* each, tenable by the best scholars on condition of their remaining a year longer at school. These

It is surely unnecessary to dwell on the significance of these humble but useful efforts in their bearing on our own social and industrial life in England. Our operative classes are better paid than those of most other countries, but they are not richer; they do not, as a rule, economise their resources; and a very small proportion of them make any provision for the future. Increase of wages brings to the British workman shorter hours, fewer days' work in the week, more expensive, though not always more wholesome, food, a larger number of immediate gratifications; but it does not make him a wealthier man. It does not necessarily increase the stability of his social position or of his personal character. It is seldom realised or capitalised in the form of better house or furniture, or of clothes or books, a share in a building or co-operative society, an account with the savings-bank, or, indeed, in any of those permanent forms by which the dignity and comfort of his own life and that of his family might be enhanced. But until a man begins to care about some one of these things, he has no motive to put forth his best energies so as to become a first-rate workman; but every temptation to degenerate into an idler or a sensualist. The degree in which he cares about them forms, in fact, the measure of his prosperity and self-respect, and the surest guarantee for his future industry and happiness.<sup>2</sup> No doubt the comparative uncertainty of his position, and the habit of receiving his income in the form of weekly wages, cause him to live from hand to mouth, and render it difficult for him, even when wages are high, to see much good in laying by those wages for the future. If we look at the home of a clerk, a curate, or school-master, with 150*l.* a year, we generally find, at least a year's income in some realised form—house, clothes, pictures,

prizes are not given at once to the boys, but are invested in their names in the savings-bank until they leave the school.

<sup>2</sup> See the remarkable chapter in J. S. Mill's "Political Economy," on the future of the labouring classes.

a library, and a small life-assurance. But if we visit the home of an artisan or a collier, earning the same income in the form of 3*l.* a week, we often find that his entire possessions, if capitalised, would not be equal in value to a month's wages. This evil might, in some degree, be mitigated, if in any department of our industrial system it were found practicable to substitute monthly for weekly savings and payments. But this is obviously impossible in a large number of cases, and we cannot wait for it. Economy and thrift may be more difficult, but they are also more necessary, when the horizon of a man's resources, and of his expenditure, is narrowed by the inevitable circumstances of his life. And a man is enriched and ennobled in just the proportion in which this horizon is enlarged, and in which he learns to see the actions and the sacrifices of to-day in their relation to to-morrow. Dr. Johnson's famous sentence, "Whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future, predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings," expresses with characteristic solemnity an indisputable truth. But the difficulty is to convert a truism like this into a practical maxim for the conduct of life.

It is not always easy for employers, even when they see the need of frugality and temperance most clearly, to take measures for urging the duty upon their workmen. Such efforts are almost sure to be misunderstood by many, and to be regarded—not unnaturally—as dictated by a selfish desire to keep down wages. At Ghent, an association of masters, anxious to improve the material prosperity of their workmen, engaged to take charge of their savings, to invest them in the bank, and to add 2 per cent to the interest, so as to yield the depositor 5 instead of 3 per cent. But the experiment did not long succeed, and the deposits were quickly withdrawn. At Mulhouse, in 1860, a society for the encouragement of saving was formed, and special advantages, in the way of a large bonus and otherwise,

were offered to all who would forego 3 per cent. of their wages for the purpose of a provident fund. But only sixteen out of a body of 7,000 workmen were found, ten years after, to be availing themselves of the plan. In both these cases suspicion and distrust appear to have been aroused, the motives of the employers were misinterpreted, and their efforts were ineffectual. Nor is much more to be hoped from any direct influence on the part of the churches, than from that of employers as a class. Individual clergymen interest themselves here and there in blanket or coal clubs; but, as a rule, such efforts are more often designed to attach the poor to the church than to encourage self-respect or independence for its own sake. The inculcation of a general habit of saving as a substantial part of practical morality is, for some unexplained reason, not generally considered by ministers of religion as within their province. It is, after all, in the schools that the work can be most effectually done. School managers and teachers have opportunities of bringing the matter constantly before the attention of the children, and can readily furnish to them simple facilities for carrying out the lessons of economy which are learned in the class. Moreover, their disinterestedness is unquestionable, and they are less likely than any other persons who are brought into frequent contact with the poor to be suspected of selfish motives. Much may be done by judicious lessons, by the use of wise and simple text-books like Mr. William Ellis's "*Outlines of Social Economy*," and Archbishop Whately's "*Easy Lessons on Money Matters*,"<sup>1</sup> to illustrate the need of economy and the increased power of usefulness and of enjoyment which it gives to those who

<sup>1</sup> Prof. W. B. Hodgson of Edinburgh, whose efforts in that city and elsewhere to render the principles of economic science interesting and intelligible to young people, have been remarkably successful, has translated, under the title of "*What is Seen and what is Not Seen*," one of the most telling of Frederic Bastiat's brochures on the commoner economic fallacies current among the poor.

have learned it. But it must not be forgotten that thrift is an act—a habit; to be learned like other habits, not mainly by teaching or lecturing, but by actual practice. All experience shows that it is hard to learn it for the first time in adult life, but if it be acquired early in youth it will probably never be lost. And there is as much room for its exercise in the life of a little child at school, as in that of a grown man who is earning wages. To him as well as to his elders there are temptations to waste that might be resisted; there are daily opportunities for little acts of forethought and self-restraint which ought to be embraced. It may seem a trifle to speak of the halfpence which little children spend on sweetmeats and unwholesome fruit. But economy is essentially a matter of trifles and even of petty details. Relatively to his resources and to his wants, these are the items which make up the extravagance of a child. The little one who is encouraged often to deny himself some immediate gratification, and to prefer to it some future permanent advantage, who has once experienced the delight of seeing the interest begin to accrue on his little savings, and has seen the temporary trouble of the family at a death or an illness relieved by a draft upon his store, has learned a lesson in self-sacrifice which will abide with him for life. Sacrifice, self-conquest, the refusal to *want* that which we do not *need*, the deliberate preference of permanent to merely ephemeral good—are not these the qualities which lie at the base of moral perfection, and of a temperate, useful, and noble life?

It may seem like special pleading to identify these high qualities too closely with so worldly a matter as the management of money. Yet in truth there is no one problem or duty of life that calls into exercise so many moral attributes, or connects itself in so many subtle ways with the growth of the whole character, as the management of money. He who said that "a right habit of getting, of saving, and of spending money, argued a perfect man," was

scarcely guilty of exaggeration. From the very beginning of responsible life, the inclination to spend the whole of what we receive becomes a potent temptation to spend or to enjoy a little more than we possess. And the records of our law courts and police courts show that impecuniosity and extravagance are the parents not merely of much of the crime in the world, but of shiftiness, of evasion, of falsehood, and of the sins which enfeeble and degrade men most. The best remedy for this evil is to train children very early in the habit of distinguishing between real and unreal wants. "*Les besoins factices*," of which M. Laurent<sup>1</sup> speaks, "*qui sont la plaie et la malédiction de la richesse*," are not unknown among the poor. Everyone who can refuse to satisfy one of these, however slight, or who puts aside any portion, however humble, of the resources of to-day to make part of his supply for future use or enjoyment, is in a sense a capitalist. And in this sense not only every man, but every little child who has the command of a single luxury, should be encouraged to become a capitalist.

It may be said that it is cruel and unwise to interfere with the joyousness of childhood by prematurely burdening the mind with thoughts of the future. But I do not believe that this objection, however natural on a first view, would long be seriously maintained by any careful thinker. The penurious spirit—the calculating, hard, and grasping habit of mind—has doubtless its dangers. But it is not the fault to which Englishmen are very prone, nor against which it is needful to take any elaborate precautions. The tendencies of our modern life are all in the opposite direction; our dangers are of another kind. And, in truth, we are not encouraging

<sup>1</sup> See the remarkable pamphlets entitled, "*Conférence sur l'Épargne*," and "*La Caisse d'Épargne dans les Écoles Communales de Gand*," published at Brussels, of which the former bears M. Laurent's name, and both exhibit with great clearness the kind of argument and influence by which the singular success of the Savings-bank experiment has been attained in Belgium.

a hurtful egoism, and suppressing generous instincts, when we invite little children to set aside the pence with which they would otherwise buy an apple or a cake. To spend money on a gratification for the moment, is in no sense more generous or unselfish than to reserve it for a future one. Both are self-regarding actions; but the one has elements of sacrifice and of wisdom in it, the other is an act of mere careless and shortsighted indulgence. I will not weaken by translation the vigorous sentences in which M. Laurent's allocation to the schoolmasters and mistresses deals with this class of objection.

"On croit," he says, "que les enfants sont généreux, tandis qu'ils sont personnels, disons le mot, égoïstes. Voyez cet enfant: ses parents, quoique fort pauvres, lui donnent deux centimes le dimanche pour ses menus plaisirs: il court s'acheter une friandise quelconque: songe-t-il à en faire part à ses parents? Songe-t-il à en faire part à ses camarades? Il se hâte de manger sa pomme, et ne pense pas même que ses parents se sont refusés une pomme pour que lui en ait une. Ce que l'on appelle les menus plaisirs sont un apprentissage d'égoïsme. Dire à l'enfant qu'il doit épargner ces quelques centimes, ce n'est donc pas lui donner une leçon d'égoïsme, c'est au contraire lui apprendre à se priver d'une fantaisie; et s'imposer une privation, n'est-ce pas le commencement du sacrifice, de l'abnégation, du dévouement?"

I desire to commend the simple and judicious experiment now being tried with such signal success in Belgium by Professor Laurent and his friends, to the consideration and imitation of benevolent persons in England, and especially to members of School Boards and to school managers. Much has already been done in this direction. The clothing clubs, shoe clubs, Christmas clubs, and other devices to which the squire's or clergyman's wife in so many villages devotes so much thought and kindness, though open to the objection I have already hinted at, are all very

useful in their way. But they labour under one great defect. They encourage economy only for a specific object, and for a definite time. At a certain period of the year the accounts are adjusted, payments are made, and the transaction is at an end. Moreover, all those persons who for any reason have no need of the particular objects for which the club is formed, are not encouraged to save at all. What is needed is the regular habit of economy, rather for its own sake, and in view of *any* of the ordinary emergencies of life, than for the sake of some one specific emergency. And to this end it is necessary that saving should not be an exceptional act, or one adapted for some special purpose only, but that facilities for its daily practice as a part of the regular discipline of life should be brought within reach of children.

It may be said that the Post-office savings-banks, which are daily increasing in number, bring the opportunity for making savings very near to the doors of the poor. And there is much in the history and statistics of the Post-office banks to encourage hope of their still more beneficent operation. The last report of the Postmaster-General shows that—in 1862 there were 1,732,555 depositors in the old savings-banks; in 1865 the number in the old and the Post-office banks combined had risen to 2,078,346, while in 1872 there were 2,867,595 depositors, or 1 in 9 of the population, with an average amount of 13*l.* to the credit of each. This is lower than in Massachusetts, where the depositors amount to one-fifth of the population, but higher than in Switzerland, where the proportion is 1 in 12, or in Ireland, where it is 1 in 50. But the full development of the Post-office savings-bank system is hindered by several causes. There are many villages in which no bank has yet been established. The rule which limits each deposit to a minimum of a shilling, practically forbids the smaller economies; and the fact that banks are closed in the evenings, especially on the Saturday evening, when wages

are received, acts unfavourably on the timid and irresolute. All these points were recently brought before the notice of the late Postmaster-General. They are matters of administrative detail, in which philanthropic impulse must needs be controlled by considerations of economy and of the efficiency of the public service. But they seldom had a better chance of being favourably regarded than at the accession to office of Mr. Lyon Playfair, who not only brought to his post the highest promise of zeal and administrative capacity, but had also been long and honourably distinguished by his insight into social problems and by the earnestness with which he helped to solve them. It may be hoped that his successor, whose sympathy with the best aspirations of the labouring class is probably not less genuine, though it has been manifested in very different ways, will not in his turn forget that the great department over which he presides is something more than a source of revenue and an instrument of public convenience; but may be made by wise administration a potent moral teacher, and an aid in the formation of provident habits.

Meanwhile it must be remembered that the Post-office banks themselves, however numerous, can never be brought close enough to the children while the habits of their life are yet in process of formation. Nor is it possible that the banks themselves should ever receive sums so small as those by means of which the habit must be first formed. That great results can be accomplished with the aid of the teachers, even with the resources at the command of the scholars in Primary Schools, is manifested from the fact that upwards of 10,000 children in a single town, where the average wages of the parents are below those of most towns in England, have saved sums amounting to nearly 30s. each. It is probable that very little, if any of this money would have found its way to the bank, but for

the agency of the school. The work is not one which can fitly depend on the action of state officials, but rather on the spontaneous efforts of governors and teachers, of the members of school boards, the committees of management affiliated to them, and other influential private persons. Even when our machinery for public instruction is completely organized, there will, it may be hoped, always be room for the exercise of that personal zeal and that affectionate interest in the welfare of the scholars which have so long honourably characterized the voluntary system. And for the exercise of such independent exertions here is one field in which the harvest truly may be great. As the Education Act of 1870 becomes daily more operative in increasing the number of children under instruction, in prolonging their school attendance and in developing their intelligence, it will render in just this proportion a larger number of scholars amenable to such simple reasonings and influences as have proved so efficacious in Ghent. And those who will take the trouble to associate themselves with the teachers, in bringing the savings-bank into the school, and making the simple arrangements by which the business part of the matter may be done smoothly and in proper order, may fulfil a most useful function. They will aid the work of national education in an effectual way, not only by thus giving practical and experimental lessons in economic science to the scholars, but also by enlarging their imagination and increasing their power of self-control. The plan of utilizing the elementary schools for this purpose has, at present been little tried in England. It is not a panacea. If adopted ever so earnestly and successfully, it will leave much improvidence unremedied. But it may, with the Divine blessing, prove one instrument among many for ameliorating the material condition of the poor, and for elevating the whole of their social and moral life.

J. G. FITCH.



## MY TIME, AND WHAT I'VE DONE WITH IT.

BY F. C. BURNAND.

### CHAPTER XXXVI.

DEGREE TIME—COACHING—THE GOAL AT LAST—THE FETTERED BIRD—DIFFICULTIES—A NEW PAVEMENT—ADDITION—PROFESSION—A CHANGE—NEW LIGHTS—A SUMMONS—AT HOME—AN INTERVIEW—SENTENCE—CLOSED FOR EVER—HOMELESS—A FAINT—I ARRIVE AT MY OLD STARTING POINT.

THE time at length came when a Bachelor's degree was to crown the tower of my academical career.

The "good old coaching days" were revived, and teams of men who, till their last term, had scarcely (save for their little-go) opened a book, were now harnessed, made to step well together, rendered accustomed to the main road, and were finally trotted through the examination papers at an easy pace—arriving at their journey's end without exhibiting the slightest signs of distress. We, of this set, proposed to go in for a pass; honours were out of the question, and a pass we most of us obtained. The moment of reading out the list in the Senate House was an anxious one for many, and the successful undergraduate did not often stop to hear any other name after he was certain of his own being on the list.

The coaches, too, were nervous, and, outside the Senate House, awaited the return of their men. Congratulations were flying about in all directions, and the plucked ones were trying to dissimulate their chagrin as best they could. Some of the latter at once sought their coaches, and pointed out to them the exact spot on the papers where they knew they had come to grief. A few protested their inability to understand why they had failed, and some energetic spirits called on the examiners indi-

vidually in order to ascertain in what subject they had fallen short of the minimum.

Here two or three men were to be seen old in intellectual feebleness, who had been plucked for the fourth time and were contented with the result, looking forward to the time when their degree would have, by University law, to be conferred upon them, gratis, as qualified "ten-year men."

Perhaps by that time they would have married and settled at Cowbridge, a family would have sprung up about them, and they would realize the old university story of the paterfamilias going up to college late in life, perpetually failing in his examinations, and being welcomed on each new occasion, at his garden gate, by the children rushing out to him and shouting "Hallo! Pa! plucked again?" Then running into the house they would cry, "I say Ma, here's Pa plucked again!"

This ordeal over, nothing now remained for me but to go through the solemn ceremony of receiving my degree at the hands of the Vice-Chancellor, before whom the undergraduate kneels, and places his hands, clasped in an attitude of prayer, between the palms of the Vice-Chancellor, who whispers in his ear something in Latin, and gives him his blessing—in *nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti. Amen.* Then the newly-created Bachelor rises, proudly, as though he had been knighted on the field of battle, with the insignia of his degree over his shoulders, a white tie about his neck, and the strings of his baccalaureate gown fluttering in the draughts of the Senate House.

How the blushing youth is welcomed by his father, who, from the crowd around, grasps him by the hand; by

his mother, who well-nigh sheds tears of joy over the first distinction won by her gallant son, whom she then and there considers as far greater than anyone else in the University, the Vice-Chancellor himself not excepted. Then, the fond sisters, who will cling to his arms all day, and never be tired of being lionized. Ah! happy hours! happy men! wistfully eyed by me, who indeed took my degree, though not at the appointed time, but later on, quietly, and without any excitement; only to retire afterwards to my rooms, throw my new robes on one chair, seat myself in another, and wonder if that day there was anyone much more unhappy than myself.

At this point my life of carelessness, of unconscious prodigality was to end, for once and for ever.

I had lived, never wisely, always too well.

Tradesmen had trusted me, that is, they had fastened a line round my leg which they had from time to time lengthened out so that I could hop about in apparent freedom, forgetful of the tie that bound me to them. They never would let me pay them. My father's city reputation had, doubtless, suggested this line of conduct to them; and perhaps the decline of that reputation, or some vague rumours from Cornhill, had decided them to come upon me suddenly, and press for a settlement, when it was impossible to refuse without sacrificing my degree.

There was nothing for it but to collect all my bills and present them at home. I shall never forget the feeling of utter hopeless dismay that came over me on arriving at the sum total.

In for a penny in for a pound; and it now occurred to me to send for Broad's bill for the last three years.

In fact I collected them round, with all the straightforward determination of setting my house in order, or, rather, of having it set in order for me; and further, I resolved to sacrifice two-thirds of my allowance for the next any number of years in order to make up for my past folly.

I began laying down a splendid pavement of good intentions, and wrote a penitential letter to my father announcing my plan for the future if he would only free me in the present.

To this I received an answer from Mr. Cavander, to the effect that my father was very unwell, and unable to attend to business matters, but that my affairs should be at once placed under consideration.

I should have mentioned before this that Lady Colvin had been blessed with a second child within two years of the appearance of her firstborn. This had as before furnished me with an additional reason for not visiting Langoran House, where I found myself quite *de trop*.

In a state of great suspense I remained at college, having nothing to do except to commence the practice of economy. Other men of my own standing were studying for their "Voluntary Examination" for the Church, and attending the lectures of some Theological Professor.

It suddenly occurred to me that my choice must now be made of a definite line in life.

My intimate college friends had gone down, and the few whom I knew remaining "up" were engaged as I have said above.

Those belonging to the former category had already been keeping their terms at one of the Inns of Court, and were commencing legal studies, or had set themselves to whatever serious occupation might be required of them as scions of old county families, or as successors to their father's business.

It seemed to me at this time that I was isolated; left, as it were, high and dry, by the tide of pleasure receding on all sides.

The last day of a happy, pleasant University career is the end of the first volume of life. The merry company breaks up and departs this way and that, some never to meet again this side the grave. New faces appear, new customs and manners come into vogue which the solitary man left behind by his com-

panions pretends to despise because he is unable to associate himself with them. University life is of so short a duration, that Time marches at the double, and in a few weeks a new generation has arisen, not one that "does not know Joseph," but that does know him, and considers him a fogey.

For lack of aught better to do, and because my thoughts seemed, as I have already indicated, to have taken a more serious turn, I considered that my time could not be better employed than in attending the Divinity lectures. Certainly they dealt with a subject which had not often attracted my attention, and on which I had seldom heard any one speak except Austin, and with him Alice in the old Ringhurst days.

I was really a sort of prisoner for debt at the University, and for the first time I began to awake to the fact that money was an object, and that, except a small sum of which I was at present possessed, I had not, unless my father were well disposed towards me—and this I could not expect—much of a prospect for some time to come. I had no reason to suppose that all would not end as well as it had begun; but my father's continued silence was ominous.

So about this time I took to attending these Divinity lectures, and by way of parallel reading, I commenced studying Paley's Evidences, which I had only crammed up for little-go years before, and the History of the Reformation.

This new course of reading so highly delighted me, and I put myself at it with so much zest and vigour, that had I only been brought up to turning my Colvin impulsiveness in the direction of classics or mathematics, I would have engaged to have been well placed in the Tripos, or high up among the Wranglers.

English literature, from the time when Austin had started me with Scott's novels, had always possessed the greatest, indeed the only, charm for me at once as a study, and as a recreation. Holy-shade training had introduced Homer to me as a wandering old heathen who had written hundreds and hundreds of lines

which we boys had to try and learn by heart, or to write out as *poenas*. Who, thus taught, could love Homer? There have been brilliant exceptions; but I am speaking of the rule. And in proof, what is the cry now-a-days? Why, that Greek is of no use, save to divines, and that modern education should be only utilitarian. An examination question of the future may be, "Who was Homer?" and the answer will probably be rendered, "Sir, he was an author who wrote in a language called Greek, which is now happily and deservedly obsolete."

At length came a summons from my father. He wished to see me. I was to come up to town immediately—there was nothing more.

It was a dull, leaden morning in March when I presented myself at Langoran House.

Our old servant, Plemdale, opened the door respectfully, but sadly, and ushered me into the dining-room. He was as unlike himself as possible.

I stood there, and gazed around. I knew it all so well, yet I was a stranger, or, at best, an unwelcome guest in my own home.

I wondered what my father would say; how he would receive me: if I should, at least, see him alone—this was my great desire—and be able to say more for myself to prove that my own affection for him had never diminished, but had rather been increased and strengthened by our separation, which had dated from the night I had sat next my Aunt Clym, at that table, in that very dining-room, where I was now standing, and learnt from her the secret which he had feared to tell me.

I was ready to own myself a prodigal, but I also fully expected him to perform his part of the prodigal's father. I had erred in ignorance, and, though I did not intend to utter one word of reproach, which would have been unbefitting our relative positions and the occasion, yet I vaguely expected him to own that he himself had not been entirely free from blame.

Finally my bent was turned towards the Church, and this, too, it seemed to

me, would show my inclination for reform. I would tell him how I had begun to study, and how seriously I was meditating on the choice of a profession. I would tell him how I was now awaking to responsibility; and then it suddenly occurred to me, would it not be a favourable opportunity to consult him about Clara Wenslow, and to ask him what step I ought to take in the matter? In short, he should be at once and immediately my confidant, should be to me the father I had always pictured to myself—my best guide, my best friend, my constant companion—and for his sake I would accommodate myself to the circumstances of his family life, and remain at peace with my step-mother. Such was the ideal I was drawing for myself of the lion reclining by the side of the lamb, when Plemdale opened the door, and requested me to follow him into the study.

This room I have mentioned before, small and gloomy. The day was dark, the blinds were drawn, and shaded candles partially illumined the apartment. There was a small fire in the grate; on the table were two ledgerlike-looking books, and a collection of my letters, which I at once recognized. My father was in an easy-chair placed between the fireplace and the table.

As I entered, Mr. Cavander was leaning with his elbow on the mantelpiece and his cheek on his hand, evidently in deep thought, while the rustle of a dress on the stairs behind me caused me to turn, and I saw that Lady Colvin had but just quitted the study.

I was glad of this. But her brother was there, and all my old antagonistic feeling, intensified by recent events, rose up against him, and from that minute I thought less of conciliating my father than of ousting *him* from his usurped position.

I was advancing to shake my father's hand, when Cavander at once stopped me.

"We will not," he said harshly, "put you on false ground at the outset. Your father, who is too ill and weak to speak much to you himself, has deputed me

to deliver his decision in this painful matter."

I looked towards my father, who merely inclined his head towards the fireplace. He seemed weak and feeble, and his hair was fast becoming grey.

Unprepared for such a scene as this, I hesitated. Then I spoke, anticipating Mr. Cavander.

"I have come, by my father's wish, to see him, and him alone."

Mr. Cavander nodded to my father, as much as to imply, "There! I told you so! I thought he'd begin in this way! Just his obstinacy."

I continued.

"I have come to own myself very sorry for my expenses, for my extravagance. I assure you," I said, addressing my father, "I had not the smallest idea of their extent. I feel that I have wasted my time, but I have already begun to try and repair the past, and for the future——"

"The future will speak for itself, as the past does now," said Cavander, interrupting me, and facing round so as to fix me with his eyes.

I confronted him fearlessly.

"Had you shown yourself," he went on, "a credit to your name—had you even proved yourself anxious to be a companion to your father, a dutiful son, one to whom he could entrust his business when he had earned his repose—then what I have to say now would have been left unsaid. There was an old agreement between Sir John and myself on this matter, an agreement by which, in justice to others, neither your father nor myself can any longer be bound. Had your conduct been all that could have been desired, our task would have been rendered more painful and more difficult; but your own acts of extravagance, your own course of life which you have chosen for yourself, and which have separated you so entirely from all family ties, have given us an opportunity of which, as I have just said, in mere justice to others, your father feels bound to avail himself. I believe I have not said one word too much!" he added, addressing Sir John, who had

been nervously interlacing his fingers, and looking at the fire.

"No, no, not a word," my father replied, with more decision of manner than I had expected from him. It occurred to me afterwards that he had been given his rôle, and had played it out from previous instruction. "He has been very ungrateful for all I've done for him. Most ungrateful."

"I have not been ungrateful," I returned, scarcely knowing how to defend myself against so general a charge, "unless extravagance, which I own, and am sorry for——"

But Cavander cut me short.

"Your extravagance is only part and parcel of the return you've made for all Sir John's kindness. When have you ever done anything to please him? When have you ever put yourself out of the way to do what he has wished? How have you spent your time up till now? And might not every penny expended upon your education have been just as well thrown into the gutter? You profess to be sorry now: it is time you were. You will be put to the proof. Up to this time you have been most generously dealt with by an indulgent father, and have been treated as though you had claims upon him which it will now be my duty to tell you you have never possessed."

"A son has some claim on his father, at all events up to a certain age," I said, earnestly wishing to make them understand how eager I was for an opportunity of retrieving the past.

"A legitimate son," answered Mr. Cavander slowly, and emphasizing every word, "has a legitimate claim. An illegitimate son has but a natural claim."

"I do not understand!"

"I think you do," returned Cavander, calmly, "for you have been to Clun Stretton and have seen the register in the church."

My breath came with difficulty, and my throat was suddenly dry and parched. My father's face was averted from me, as he leant back in his chair.

"You saw the date," Mr. Cavander went on.

He need not have said one word more. I knew it all now.

"Under the impression that Sarah Wingrove, Mrs. Colvin, during the lifetime of your grandfather, had died in Australia, Sir John married into the Pritchard family. You were, fortunately, present at the death of this very Sarah Wingrove, the real Lady Colvin, at St. Winifrid's Hospital. Your father has been legally married only twice, once to Sarah Wingrove, and to my sister. You can now understand the precise nature of your claim on Sir John."

I was stupefied. I had no answer. I was dazed. I could make no appeal.

"I had kept this as a family secret with which from the first I had been intrusted, till, in justice to others, to the children of the present Lady Colvin, your father considered that you should no longer be kept in ignorance of your real position. You know what that position is now. Apart from what it is by the illegitimacy of your birth, you would have, had you indeed been Sir John's heir, estranged yourself from him by your heartless and ungrateful conduct. Sir John wishes me to inform you that your debts will be discharged, that he will make you a certain small allowance which will enable you to start in the world, where it is to be hoped your education will prove of some service to you; and when you shall have made a name for yourself—for remember you do not bear that of Colvin now save by your father's permission—then you may return to this house, but—*not till then!*"

I stood silent. Should I leave the room, and the house at once? Should I appeal to my father? What should I do?

Strange as it may seem to the reader of this, who would have expected a "scene," I, for my part, never felt less inclined to make one than at this moment.

A knock-down blow stuns for the time, and the victim cannot do much



when prostrate and senseless. Such a blow had I received; and I could neither do anything nor say one word. I *had* seen the register; how Mr. Cavander had learnt the fact I did not care to inquire. I had been present at Sarah Wingrove's death. To announce my illegitimacy now, after so many years of silence, appeared to me to be cruel, yet I could not but admit his plea of justice to the others, and I had already testified against myself by owning my sorrow for my past, and my honest determination for good in the future.

I was no hand at duplicity; I was incapable of suspecting a plot. I could not imagine that my father would have allowed Mr. Cavander to speak for him, and to warn me from the door, had he not believed himself and his adviser actuated by only the strictest sense of the requirements of truth and justice.

Presently, however, my father broke the silence—

"I must think of others now; I have thought too much of you, without any return. You have always been disobedient and ungrateful."

Again I had nothing to say. I could not ask for special instances of my disobedience and ingratitude. All I could find to say, and that, with the greatest difficulty, was—

"I have never intended to be either disobedient, or ungrateful."

"Never intended," repeated my father irritably; "but you *have* been. It isn't what you intended; it's what you've done."

He had been primed up to this point; he had learnt his lesson; and anything I could have said, would, I saw, have been useless.

The enemy was in the possession of the capital; nothing was left for me but flight.

"You need not stay any longer. One of our clerks will settle these bills at Cowbridge, and you will receive a hundred pounds a year in quarterly payments. You can go."

At that instant the name of Alice Comberwood flashed across me. An

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uncontrollable impulse forced from me the question—

"Mr. Cavander, where is Alice Comberwood?"

For one second the shot staggered him. I saw and noticed it. But, ere I had time to take advantage of the effect I had produced, he had perfectly recovered his composure, and replied,

"Do you mean Lady Frederick Sladen? You will find Sir Frederick's address in the Court Guide."

So saying, he rang the bell, as an intimation that the interview was at an end.

My father's face was turned away from me, as I said, huskily, and tremblingly,

"Good-bye."

I heard him reply, shortly—

"Good-bye."

Then I passed out into the hall, closing the study door. What it had cost my father to dismiss me thus, I could imagine. Thank Heaven, I entertained no angry feeling against him, either at that moment, or at any other time since. I pitied him more than I pitied myself; I forgave him as I could not forgive myself, for I began to magnify my carelessness and selfishness into unexampled crimes.

I should have fairly broken down, so miserable was I, had not my pride come to the rescue, on seeing Plemdale, who, waiting at the hall door, eyed me curiously.

It was, perhaps, could I have seen myself in a glass, but a lame attempt at carrying it off, jauntily, with a smile, but I managed its counterfeit to the best of my ability.

"My father does not seem well," I said, to Plemdale, as though my visit had been one of the most ordinary duty.

"No, Mr. Cecil," replied Plemdale, "Sir John is far from well. And he hardly moves out at all now, sir."

The thought that occurred to me then was, does Plemdale know all about it, and if so, what does he think of *me*? And, strange to say, it seemed more important to me at that moment to have Plemdale's good opinion than anything

else in the world. I can understand the impulse which causes the prisoner to take the gaoler, or the policeman who captures him, into his confidence, and I can realize his anxiety to secure at least one person who will listen to his own explanation of what appears to others, his inexcusable crime.

On the other hand, I wished to ignore Plemdale altogether. True he was an old servant; but what had he to do with my affairs.

Thus, at the door we both hesitated; he, as though expecting me to speak, and I as uncertain whether to speak or not.

The hesitation passed, and, turning on my heel, I said—

"Good-bye, Plemdale."

"Good-bye, sir," he returned.

Then the door was closed against me for ever.

It had begun to drizzle as I walked along, trying to fix myself to some immediate and definite line of action.

The familiar streets, the well-known thoroughfares, seemed now all different. It appeared as though I were seeing them in some contradictory dream, where I both recognized and was unable to recognize objects at one and the same time.

The names over the shops struck me, especially one "Dumper" over a baker's, and I had a sort of vague idea that now or never the man Dumper was the man to help me. But I gave up Dumper, and wandered on in a state of indecision, until I had left Dumper's a long way behind. Then I was attracted by a name which seemed to have got itself out of the alphabet in a regular tangle of letters; it was "Migligen." Migligen was a dealer in old China and second-hand umbrellas, and at Migligen's private door, on the knocker, was a large card, stating that the upper part of Migligen's was to be let out in apartments to single gentlemen.

This caused me to halt, and to remind myself that after that term, when my lodgings at Cowbridge would have to be given up I should be houseless and homeless.

Besides, except to pack up and remove my moveables, I had no object in returning to the University.

There were no friends there of whom I could make confidants. So I hurried on, debating within myself on my next step. And, in another second, I had decided on seeking Austin Comberwood, wherever he might be.

I could talk it all over with him before seeing Uncle Herbert. Yes, this is what I would do, and at once—at once.

This active decision seemed to startle me as much as my bringing my stick sharply down on the pavement startled a small child, who had just crossed the road with a small can of milk.

All of a sudden I began to shiver, then the next moment to be flushed with a heat which left me colder than before. In five minutes I felt very ill, and all I could think of at the moment was, that to see Austin then and there was an absolute necessity.

I felt faint, and lifted my hat to cool my forehead. Then there arose in my ears a sound like the rushing of water, and I became unconscious.

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That the world is but a small place after all has been remarked before now, but never was there occasion for me to be so strongly impressed by the fact as when on awaking I found myself in a small but most comfortable room: a kettle singing on the hob, medicines on a table near the bed, a stout elderly matron dozing in an arm-chair, while, bending over some work, was Julie.

My exclamation of surprise aroused them both. The other was Nurse Davis.

#### CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE STARTING-POINT ONCE MORE—OLD FRIENDS—WELL NURSED—NEWS ABOUT JULIE—MRS. DAVIS'S OPINION—CHOICE—UNSETTLEMENT—AUSTIN'S EXAMPLE—CLARA, A DIFFICULTY—THE INVITATION I REQUIRED—SECRESY—FORTHCOMING EVIDENCE—FIRST ECONOMY—FAREWELLS—A NEW TURN IN LIFE—ST. BEDE'S, NEAR BULFORD—THE

COLLEGE—ITS OBJECT—I AM HOSPITALLY RECEIVED—AND ENTERTAINED—  
—DR. PODDELEY.

AND where was I?

"Why, my dear," said Nurse Davis, "you've come back to the point where you first began life. This is my apartment over Gander's dairy, where you were born. Polly Gander's married, and the name's Verney, for Polly Gander married Charles Edmund, who's quite a gentleman now, and doing very well indeed, being head something at the railway, and so as I took always a great fancy to this place, they made a home of it for me when I come to town, to stay and see the gaieties of London."

And so here I was, beginning life again, and from the same starting-point.

Charles Edmund, a tall handsome young man, with very little of the awkward lad about him now, had worked hard and had been steadily promoted. He was, for his station in life, already more than comfortably off, and buxom Polly Gander, who was exactly his own age, had come in for something at her mother's decease. Charles Edmund was now occupied with some mechanical invention which, adapted to railway requirements, would, Nurse Davis told me, make his fortune, and perhaps do more than that.

"Why," said Nurse Davis, "he may have a title afore he dies. Who knows? More unlikely things than that have happened before now."

This set me a thinking. Should I confide in them or not. Should I tell them how it had come about, that it was far more probable that Charles Edmund should win a new title, than that I should gain, what, till now, I had been brought up to look upon as my right.

Nurse Davis had sent to Langoran House, intimating that I was ill, and giving the address. But no answer had been received.

Julie was the tenderest of nurses, and when they would allow me to talk, I gradually fell into confidences.

On the fourth morning of my being there, Julie told me that Mrs. Burdon

begged to be remembered to me, and this puzzled me. Then Julie said that that very morning she had heard from Mrs. Burdon, but that as I had my secrets from her (Julie), she would have her's from me.

And so it oozed out, and I told them all.

Then Nurse Davis said, quietly, but firmly:—

"That Cavander's a liar, and, please God I live, I'll prove him one. But, name or no name, legitimate, or not legitimate, you're the son of your dear mother, whom I loved as though she'd been my own daughter, and you as my child too, left to my care by her, and whatever you are, or may be, you'll never want for a home, as long as I've one to offer you."

"Thanks, dear nurse. And Julie?" I said, turning to her.

She put her hand in mine.

"We were brought up together, and in spite of our different positions I have always thought of you as a brother. Besides," she added, cheerfully, "*now* your friends are mine. For I've retired from the stage, and am a lady at large."

"What do you mean?"

"Why," she answered, merrily, "I'm a sort of adopted child. Would you have any objection to my being the daughter of Mrs. Burdon?"

It appeared that Mrs. Bob had taken a great fancy to little Julie, and, tired of a change of faces in her young lady companions, who had all turned out more or less flirty or flighty, Mrs. Bob, after carefully studying Julie's character during a two-month's stay (when Julie had conceived a strong attachment for her), had made Julie such an offer, that even her own family would not stand in the way of her accepting it, and Julie, whose physique was unequal to the exigencies of the stage as a profession, willingly consented to Mrs. Burdon's proposition.

She was now "on leave," and permitted to remain with her aunt during the early portion of my convalescence.

As to my own affairs, it was arranged that for a time nothing should be done

or said until I had consulted my friend Austin, from whom I had lately received a letter addressed to me at Cowbridge, and brought thence to Gander's by Charles Edmund, who had kindly undertaken the removal of my goods and chattels, and the disposition of such furniture as would bring in a trifle, and for which I had, of course, no present use.

There was, too, something in my mind, at this very unsettled time, about being a clergyman. This came out of the quasi-serious turn I had taken during my last term, and the line of study I had resorted to after my degree. Austin's example (he was at St. Bede's Theological College, near Bulford) had some weight with me: and there was still one remaining difficulty which I dared not mention to anyone except to Austin; this was how I stood with regard to Clara Wenslow.

In fact, this last consideration was perhaps of all others what troubled me most. I felt myself bound to tell *her* the truth; and then supposing she said, "What matters a name; pursue your profession," at the Church or Bar, "and I will marry you"—for it had reached this climax in my own imagination—what was I to do?

Uncle Herbert had warned me against this entanglement, but entangled I was, and indeed, in the very batch of letters which contained the one already mentioned from Austin, was one from Clara, pressing me to tell my family of our attachment, as she had already informed her mother and grandfather, and that they said it ought not any longer to be concealed from Sir John.

Here it was evident I could not take either Nurse Davis, or Julie, into my confidence. Thus it came about that I ultimately carried out my first intention of consulting Austin.

"Dear Cecil," he wrote in reply to me, "your letter shows me you are in great trouble. Come to me. I have obtained leave from the Principal here to receive you as my guest at the College, and a spare room is at your service. It is a very quiet studious life, suiting

me exactly, and if, as you hint, you too are thinking of what is, wrongly, called 'going into the Church,' then you could not do better than take advantage of a course of study at St. Bede's. But in whatever way I can be of use to you, you have only to name it, and I put myself at your disposition to the best of my power. But first come up here, and tell me your trouble. Expecting to see you within the next two days, I am, your always devoted friend, AUSTIN COMBERWOOD."

This determined my movements.

Julie returned to Mrs. Burdon, and Nurse Davis remained in town, both under promise of secrecy as to my affairs, until I should give them permission to speak.

Nurse Davis hinted, more than once, that she was sure she could be of use in this matter, or if not that her brother-in-law could, though she wouldn't have him brought into it, till he was absolutely wanted. At present, unfortunately, my faithful old nurse was only a witness to the death of Sarah Wingrove in the hospital, and she had, she said, reason to remember a name like that long before, "though," she added mysteriously, but disappointingly, "that wouldn't prove much, not even if it was the same."

As she was not inclined to explain this oracular utterance, I contented myself with agreeing with her, that when we *did* take steps, they should be decisive ones. Then I set off for St. Bede's Theological College, near Bulford.

So from Gander's Dairy I sallied forth with a firm determination to fight my own way onwards in the world. And, as I journeyed down to Bulford, I looked back upon my time, considering what I had done with it up till then, and resolved that henceforth, come what might, nameless or with a name, wronged or righted, I would use my best endeavours to make up for the time lost in the days of my ignorance.

I now debated with myself as to the propriety of travelling first, or second, class. I considered the difference of price, and went second.

I think this was the first occasion of my practising economy.

Henceforth, farewell to Broad's, and to all my old expensive habits. Whether Cavander's story were true or not—and, in spite of nurse Davis' mysterious hint, its truth was forced upon me by my father's sanction—I, pecuniarily, should be in no better position. I thanked Heaven for my health and for the true friends I possessed; and at the end of my journey, Austin was on the platform, ready to grasp me warmly by the hand.

We deferred our confidential talk till the evening, when we should be alone in his room; and so, neither of his sorrows, nor of mine, did we say one word, as we drove along towards St. Bede's.

He described the College, and its object to me. It was founded by the Bishop of Bulford, for the benefit of those, who, not having been at a university, wished for a thorough theological training before ordination; and also for those, who, having taken their degree, required something more satisfactory than the University Divinity lectures, as the preparation for a life so different from what they had hitherto led.

"This place," said Austin, "makes, you see, a break between the university life of an undergraduate, and the profession of the ministry of the Church. For myself, I don't understand how a man, ordinarily speaking, who has been either merely enjoying himself at the University, or reading only classics, or mathematics, is qualified to pass at once into the Diaconate, and then into the Priesthood of the Church."

I noticed his use of the word Priest. Except in the few Divinity lectures I had attended, I had never heard this term applied to the clergy of the English Church. I had always thought (but I admit my ignorance of such matters then) that Priest meant a Catholic Priest.

My ideas were to be considerably enlarged on all theological subjects during my brief stay at St. Bede's.

A Gothic college, with its grounds and chapel, far away from the gentle hum of even the neighbouring University-town

of Bulford, was the very picture of an ecclesiastical seminary, and the place, above all others, to which one in need of rest and quiet meditation, would wish to retire. The building seemed to repose in a sort of monastic atmosphere. It only wanted antiquity to perfect its charms, for, despite its close imitation of the architectural style of the old Catholic days, St. Bede's was but a modern invention of the last quarter of a century, I mean at the time I first knew it.

It was erected to show of what the English Church was capable, when her teaching, in all its fulness, could be thoroughly and boldly proclaimed. The object of its energetic founder was to prove to hesitating Churchmen, that it was not Rome alone that had a system of training her clergy. Moreover it was intended to exhibit within the collegiate walls, a ritual which, though distinctly Anglican, should be as impressive, solemn, and as attractive to certain minds, as that of the Church of Rome. It was furthermore intended to declare, in the teaching and practice of St. Bede's, that it was not the Roman Church only that held the full sacramental doctrine, but that the English branch of the Catholic Church possessed all this, and more, wherever it could bear fruit uninjured by the presence of sectarian plants. The atmosphere of Bulford was supposed to be peculiarly congenial to her healthy existence.

This theory had attracted the thoughtful Austin, who, with a natural bias towards the ministry, had determined not to enter it blindfolded, but, at any sacrifice, to follow the truth, wherever its light should lead him.

As far as my own affairs were concerned, Austin's advice was, that the best thing I could do would be to draw out the case on paper, and place it in the hands of a solicitor.

"Why not your father?" I suggested.

To this he replied, after some hesitation, that there were objections to such a course. However, on this we would decide in a few days; but the first thing I was bound to do was to write to Miss Wenslow and her mother, stating plainly



and fully my altered prospects, and releasing her from any engagement she might suppose herself to have contracted in my regard.

As no answer to this was likely to arrive for at least three or four days, if not more, on account of her frequent change of residence, I was at liberty to enjoy my time of convalescence at the College, and, if I liked, to fall in with its style of living, and its course of studies.

"I must introduce you to our Principal," said Austin, "as a matter of courtesy."

Dr. Poddeley lived with his wife and family, in a house standing in St. Bede's grounds, but apart from the College.

We found him in his study. He was a short, round, bald-headed man, in an archdeacon's dress, looking as though he only wanted one touch more to make him into a bishop.

He rose politely on our being announced, and received us most cordially.

He had not, I found out from our conversation, always been a clergyman, but had commenced life as a doctor, and had tried his fortune in youth in the Colonies.

"However,"—said Dr. Poddeley smiling, and stretching himself before his fire—"the Colonies did not agree with me, and it being a case of 'Physician, heal thyself,' I was forced to return to England. Like our friend here," alluding to Austin, "I felt a powerful *attrait* towards the Church, and took a similar course to that which he is now pursuing. No man should undertake such a step without a due sense of his responsibility."

Here the Principal yawned, and a nurse entering to make some inquiry respecting one of the children, we rose to depart.

#### CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A HALT AT ST. BEDE'S—LETTER UNANSWERED—AUSTIN'S DOUBTS AND DIFFICULTIES—NEW WORLD TO ME—VICE-PRINCIPAL GLYDON—A SKETCH—THE REPLY AT LAST—THE NEXT STEP—DR.

PODDELEY AT HOME—A MEMORABLE CONVERSATION—MORE THAN A GLEAM OF LIGHT.

THERE are breathing points in the journey through life, when we can consider and reconsider.

Thus at St. Bede's I halted to take counsel with myself and with my best friend, Austin Comberwood.

After carefully penning a letter to Clara Wenslow, wherein it was difficult not to express the secret wish (which I had not even dared reveal to Austin), that she should reject me, and leave me free, my final decision was to do nothing hastily, to obey no first impulse until I had well weighed and deliberated upon the consequences, to disengage my thoughts as far as possible from my immediate difficulties, and occupy my time with profitable study.

A new world could not have presented more novelty to me than did the life at St. Bede's Theological College.

My bent had been latterly in the direction of the Church, and Austin's example seemed to me a beacon light in my unsettled state.

"I am puzzled here," said Austin, speaking in frank confidence to me. "I own I am puzzled. Yet what perplexes *me*, seems to others to be as clear as daylight. I must believe everything, or nothing. I am speaking for myself alone, and I am forced to do so, for I find that I am alone in my opinion. The other men here, seem to belong already to the High Church party, either as a matter of aestheticism, or as the more gentlemanly side, or as coming of Tory families, or as being proud of enlisting under the banner of such as Andrewes, Laud, Ken, Bull, Sherlock, Wilson, the Non-Jurors, and, finally, John Henry Newman."

It was almost all new to me. I was contented to listen. So apt a disciple could pick up, from such a master, more in one evening's discourse, than ordinary students could learn from a dry and learned lecturer in a course of six weeks.

Besides, though comparatively ignorant of such matters, I seemed, to my own astonishment, to grasp his meaning intuitively, to master at once the first principles, and, in some instances, to jump boldly from premiss to the conclusion, which he indeed foresaw, but whereat he refused to arrive, except by logical sequence.

"There are," he said, "some shallow pates here who are dazzled by great names, and overwhelmed by their auctoritas, I mean, by the weight of character of a single leader."

He conversed with me as though I were his equal, as though he remembered only our room at Old Carter's, and his hundred and one nights of Sir Walter Scott.

"I am dissatisfied with what are called the Anglo-Catholic school of Divines, or rather they satisfy me as far as they go; but, like Paley's evidences for Christianity itself, they do not go far enough. They are fettered, as partisans of a system, in which the accident of birth has placed them. One and all are constantly shaping their theories to fit these facts. You have seen, in these few days, enough of our Principal, to know that he is simply a comfortable Church of England clergyman, of what is called 'high,' but not extreme opinions, and he has been placed here by the Bishop——"

"The Bishop of Bulford?" I asked.

"By the Bishop of Bulford," he went on, "who, knowing exactly how to trim his ship, has placed worthy Dr. Poddeley at the head of affairs here, to act as something more than a counterweight to our Vice-Principal, for whom the Bishop shows a marked regard, and of whom he is rather afraid. It was better to place such a man as Mr. Glyde, our Vice-Principal, in a responsible post, with plenty of congenial occupation, and the prospect of certain preferment, than to allow him to nurse his doubts, and feed his disaffection in the solitude of some country parsonage. In such a position Mr. Glyde would be a disciple, *here* he is a teacher, and no one knows better than the Bishop, that the

leader of a school of thought, is the last person to be converted."

"Converted?"

"Yes, I use it in a general sense. Privates may desert to the enemy, and their defection is a matter of small importance; but with the Colonel it is another matter—you may be sure *he* would rather die than yield; and, putting the question of heroism entirely aside, were a captain of a vessel asked whether he would not prefer going down, with his sinking ship, to being saved with a remnant, he would undoubtedly choose certain death, rather than risk the barest chance of dishonour."

"Do you mean, then, that most leaders of thought are dishonest?"

Austin sighed.

"I am afraid," he said, "that, at all events, they are in great danger of becoming mere special pleaders. They seem to me to lose their sense of, if one may so call it, fair-play, and if they deceive others, it is only the consequence of their having first of all deceived themselves. To *myself*, I am conscious of an honest purpose, at least so it appears to *me*, and as yet I have no ground for supposing I am mistaken; on the contrary, as I have no theory to support, and am very far from being a Master in Israel, I only profess myself a disciple, an inquirer after Truth in Religion, and only so far a sceptic, that I will deliver over my intellect captive to no *man*, to no teacher who is unable to convince my reason of the existence of a supernatural claim to my obedience."

This remark struck me forcibly at the time, for I was ready to follow Austin as my guide.

"But my dear Austin," I said, "a person uninstructed in such matters—in any matter, in fact—and as far as religious opinion is concerned, I may fairly instance myself and my own bringing up—must he not learn from a teacher?"

"True. A child is under instruction, and grows up with the bias, specially in religion, of his education. But there comes a time when he is bound to use his own reason, and in such matters he

must act for himself, for he is *in foro conscientie*, and is responsible to no human being. I cannot understand sectarianism in Christianity, in the face of such a dictum as 'Call no man your master.' What do all these terms Irvingite, Puseyite, Wesleyan, and so forth, mean, if not that those who choose so to style themselves have called that man their master, whose opinions they profess, and on whose authority they rely?"

"And Protestant and Papist?" I suggested.

"No, Protestant is the generic term under which come the hundred specific variations. It merely signifies the existence of a multitude of sects whose only common bond is a protestation against Popery. A Papist signifies a follower of the Pope, it is true, but the Pope, as I apprehend their theory, has no followers in the same sense that Wesley, or Irving, or Pusey has. The Pope's private opinion is entitled to just so much weight on a theological point as the *obiter dicta* of a Lord Chancellor on a point of law. When the Pope does speak, officially, his utterances are not his, but are taken to be the Divine explanation of some particular portion of a Divinely-given revelation. Granting the Catholic premiss, the system is perfectly logical, the reasoning consistent throughout. For Protestantism, as a whole, it is Hamlet without Hamlet. It is not a system in any way. Its basis is the assertion of the right of Free Inquiry, and though it asserts such a right, it does not impose it on individuals as a duty. This is a matter for every man's conscience. I find myself placed as a member of the English Church, an institution which the majority agree in calling decidedly Protestant, while a small minority among its members call it Catholic, or rather Anglo-Catholic. Now, before I take office in such a community, it seems to me necessary to inquire what it really is. The school calling itself Anglo-Catholic—of whose views our Vice-Principal is an exponent—seems to me to have

something to say for itself well worthy the attention of an inquirer. It claims for the English Church an authority equal to that which the Roman Church claims for itself. Of course it cannot pretend to more than Rome. All I am concerned to ascertain now is, can it substantiate these claims? if not, then I must look elsewhere for that Divine authority which alone can compel my allegiance. Should I fail to find it, should I be forced to the conclusion that no revelation has ever been given to man, and that on this side of the grave the soul's ignorance is its happiness, and the greatest scepticism its highest form of worshipping the Unknown Creator, then so, honestly, will I be prepared to live out my time here, doing my share of the world's work, whatever it may be."

Here Austin paused. Then, folding his hands, he walked slowly along the gravel path in front of the College, his head bent down, his eyes on the ground, absorbed in thought.

At this instant the Vice-Principal, Mr. D'Oyley Glyde, came from the College door towards us. Sallow complexioned, his black hair cropped short, and closely shaven face, in his long cassock, and white band round his throat in imitation of—what I subsequently ascertained to be—a Roman collar, Mr. D'Oyley Glyde was, to my mind, at that time, the very picture of a wily Italian priest.

I could understand his being, should the opportunity arise, accused of Popish plots, mentioned with suspicion as being a Romanist in disguise, a Jesuit in the English Church, and as being the object of any other absurd charge brought by the extreme party of one school, against the extreme party of another co-existing under the same liberal establishment.

The Vice-Principal struck me as a man who was holding himself in, who was constantly struggling to achieve a victory, to restrain a hasty temper, and to repress giving expression to an almost overpowering sense of the ludicrous. This gave him an air of artificiality

which at once inspired me with distrust.

His bright sparkling eyes were the lamps to his words.

By their light those who cared might read his meaning. He liked Austin because Austin thoroughly appreciated him; but at the same time he must have envied his pupil that entire liberty which he himself was gradually giving up. He admired Dr. Trimmer, Bishop of Bulford, but deplored the necessity of the times which forced Dr. Trimmer to blow hot and cold as occasion required; though Mr. Glyde consoled himself, that even in these tactics "the dear Bishop" (as the Vice-Principal invariably called him) was eminently apostolic, for was he not perpetually being, or trying to be, "all things to all men"?

"The dear Bishop," said Mr. Glyde to us, his eyes showing us, in spite of himself, exactly what he thought of his idolised prelate, "is coming here to-morrow. He will preach in the parish church. After the sermon there will be a celebration."

I had only lately learnt the meaning of this term. At Cowbridge we were aware of there being certain Communion Sundays in the year, but we none of us knew much about it. Tudor College Chapel had only been a school for irreverence and negligence. I well remember that one part of the Chapel nearest the Communion rails was known as "Iniquity Corner." I had also known young men, devoutly inclined, who, having been present at one Communion Service in the College Chapel, had shrunk with horror from ever attending another during their term of residence. Till now the clergyman to whose duty this portion of the service had fallen I had always heard spoken of as the one "who read the Communion Service." At St. Bede's I found he was called "the celebrant."

One of the students, a delicate-looking young man, came up to Mr. Glyde.

"You want to speak to me?" asked the Vice-Principal, smiling encouragingly.

The student, whose name was Vin-

cent, and who had been my senior by some years at Tudor College, replied "Yes, Vice-Principal."

"Well," said Mr. Glyde, softly, with his head inclined on one side, and intensifying his usually insinuating smile; "what is the difficulty?"

"This is the difficulty," answered Vincent, who was evidently much troubled: "the Bishop has said that none of us are to stay in church unless we communicate. Now, what with the confirmation and the sermon and the full choral service the celebration won't be till past one. I don't think I can fast till then; and if I go to early communion, at seven, in our chapel I shall have to walk out when the Bishop celebrates at one o'clock, and I can't do this. I've been talking it over with several of the others, and we all agree that to leave the church at that moment, would be entirely contrary to our principles; while to break our fast, before communicating, would be against the practice of the Primitive Church."

The Vice-Principal's smile had gradually disappeared, and his eyes sought the ground for a few seconds; then resuming his habitually caressing manner, he placed his left hand affectionately on Vincent's shoulder, and eyed him, inquiringly, while replying to the question implied in his statement.

"My dear Vincent, you come to me to ask me for advice. What shall you do? Well, I own it is a painful case. Our dear Bishop is peculiar on some points, and I regret his decision in this instance; a decision, however, to which we, who are immediately under his authority, must bow. The ordinance of fasting before communicating, is, probably, of apostolic origin, but, like all other matters of mere discipline, it admits of modification, and, within certain limits, of relaxation."

"Then to break one's fast is permissible in order to avoid so great a scandal as the fact of so many students going out of church, at such a time, would be in the eyes of all the people?"

The Vice-Principal smiled, and patted Vincent on the shoulder.

"Quite so," answered Mr. Glyde,

"quite so. You can be present at the Principal's celebration in chapel in the morning, and can defer communicating till after matins."

"What will *you* do, Vice-Principal?" asked Vincent, boldly coming to the point.

Austin was carefully watching Mr. Glyde's countenance.

"For myself," replied the Vice, in his softest and sweetest manner, "I shall merely take a cup of tea, and a small piece of bread. Nothing more."

"Then one *may* do that?" asked Vincent, evidently somewhat astonished.

"Oh surely, surely," responded Mr. Glyde, smiling. "In doctrine, we must be firm and stedfast; in matters, which are purely of discipline, we are not bound by a hard and fast line."

"But," observed Austin, quietly, "where discipline is a logical and necessary consequence of a fundamental doctrine, surely relaxation is in the highest degree dangerous to the doctrine itself."

"Quite so, quite so," replied Mr. Glyde, his manner becoming more and more insinuating, "but I have already qualified the relaxation by putting it 'within certain limits.' In this special instance we are bound by our obedience to the Bishop's wish, and by our charity for our weaker brethren."

Austinslightlyshrugged his shoulders, a movement which I saw did not escape Mr. Glyde's observation, though he addressed himself, markedly, to Vincent, who gradually became reassured by the Vice-Principal's tone of conviction.

"You recollect those cases, my dear Vincent," Mr. Glyde went on, "in the Primitive Church, to which I alluded in our last Greek Testament Lecture, when, during a severe persecution, the communicants, of both sexes, were allowed to take away the consecrated bread to their houses, so that, though unable to unite in the assembling of themselves together, they might not be deprived of their spiritual food. These were very important exceptions to the general rule, and only permitted under the unprecedented pressure."

"Then," remarked Austin, "these people communicated in one kind only, and,

therefore, according to the Church of England, their communion would have been such a mutilation of a sacrament as she charges the Church of Rome with. And a mutilation of a sacrament is a sacrilege. Therefore, these holy martyrs and confessors, suffering for their religion, were, according to Anglican teaching, as I understand it, guilty of sacrilegious communion."

"My dear Comberwood, may I ask where the Church has spoken, as you say she has, on this grave matter?"

Vincent took upon himself to reply.

"I have something of the sort down in my notes of the Principal's Article Lecture yesterday."

Mr. Glyde sighed, and smiled.

"You must have misapprehended the Principal's meaning. It is true that in the heat of argument some of our older controversialists have brought the charge of mutilation against our erring sister, founded upon a misconception of the Catholic doctrine in its entirety; but this line has been given up by moderns, who are also inclined to take a more just and a wider view of the sense of the Thirtieth Article than has been hitherto adopted. When the Church, in that Article, uses the word 'ought,' it is, evidently, a very different thing from the positive *command* which would have been forced upon us by the use of the imperative '*must*.' By the way, my dear Vincent, you were asking me the other morning what the Roman theologian Perrone said on the question of Anglican 'orders.' If you will come into my study I will show you his own words. He is in favour of their validity."

So saying, the Vice-Principal took Vincent's arm, and walked him into the college.

"Now," said Austin, "you will notice the result of this. Vincent will return flattered by the Vice-Principal's interest in him personally, and full of the statement that Perrone, the great Roman theologian, is entirely in favour of the validity of Anglican orders. His assertion will not lose by repetition, he will inoculate his inquiring friends with the same notion, and, if unchecked by



some counter-statement, coming from at least equal authority, he will gradually come to believe that Anglicans have all that a Divine system can possibly possess, and are only separated from the other parts of the same whole by ministerial differences of opinion."

"And the authority they have gone to consult?"

"Perrone, an excellent one, true, but the note to which the Vice-Principal alludes will not bear the gloss the latter puts on it. Vincent will glance at it hastily, will accept Mr. Glyde's reading of it, will feel himself highly complimented in being considered, at all, by so eminent a scholar as our Vice-Principal, and, by thus unconsciously shifting his responsibility, he will have taken one step more towards making himself a mere theological partisan, instead of an honest inquirer after truth."

"But you do not think that Mr. Glyde is purposely deceiving or misleading Vincent?"

"No I do not think he is. But he is trying different remedies on different minds. What will not suffice to convince Mr. Glyde himself may satisfy the doubts, and remove the difficulties, not only of Vincent, but of many others. This will re-act on Mr. Glyde himself, until he will, so to speak, arrive at believing in himself on the testimony of others. He is weakest when defending his own position, and strongest when attacking anti-christian philosophy, or professed infidelity. But, as it seems to me at present, for members of the English Church scarcely three hundred years old, to style themselves 'Catholics,' in order to identify themselves with the members of the ancient Roman Church, is as though some modern cockney Smith or Brown, lately titled on account of his money, were to claim blood-relationship with the Howards."

Such conversation as this occupied us during our walks, for we had tacitly decided upon not referring to my immediate difficulties until I should receive a reply to my letter.

After a week the expected answer arrived. It was from Mrs Wenslow.

She refused to allow Clara to write herself; she upbraided me for trifling with her daughter's affections, and, with scant courtesy, wished it to be clearly understood, that any engagement I might have looked upon as existing between her daughter and myself, was now at an end. She had made inquiries, she candidly added, which entirely corroborated my own statement, and had received additional information, not at all favourable to my moral character. Her informant had, clearly, been Mr. Cavander himself.

Clara Wenslow *did* write, but it was only to reiterate her mother's sentiments, and to weep for herself, "as a blighted flower struck by the withering blast."

Here ended the Clara Wenslow chapter, and thereupon I was sincerely congratulated by Austin Comberwood. Uncle Herbert had not been far wrong in his estimate of this young lady's character, and I do not wonder at thorough Mrs. Burdon having given her up.

"Now that that obstacle is out of the road," said Austin, "your next best step will be to put the whole matter into the hands of a good solicitor. He will employ means to discover where the fraud is, if any exists, and of this, taking into consideration Mr. Cavander's long reticence, and the circumstances under which he at length breaks silence, there can scarcely be a doubt, and thus you will be able not only to right your own position, but you will release your father from a burden of which, you may depend upon it, he would most gladly be rid. I will write to a friend in town, and inquire, without stating names, who would be the best man to employ in such a case."

Austin at once wrote to his friend, and we were to receive his answer the following night.

There was a late post which arrived at about eight o'clock, and, while we were walking up and down discussing probabilities, Dr. Poddeley, happening to pass us on his way towards his residence, courteously invited us both within.

We could not refuse, and were soon seated in Dr. Poddeley's drawing-room, drinking tea poured out by Mrs. Poddeley.

The conversation, as a matter of course, began with the weather, and questions concerning the children's health, and so forth; then Mrs. Poddeley, who had lately been fitting up a magnificent medicine chest, under the professional assistance of her husband—once Doctor of Medicine, now Doctor of Divinity—discoursed learnedly on the complaints of the villagers, and extolled the office of the English parson's wife, whose duty, she observed, was to know something of doctoring.

"But Mrs. Poddeley," said Austin, "it is not every lady who has the good fortune to have the advantage of such excellent instruction."

"I had a natural taste for it, I think; I fancy I was always fond of medicines," said Mrs. Poddeley.

"Not of taking them, my dear," observed Dr. Poddeley, adding, with a ponderous sort of playfulness, "unless you took them to other people."

And so we fell to talking about doctoring generally, and his experience in particular, and why he gave it up, and as to where and when he practised.

"I took it into my head," said Dr. Poddeley, making two acute angles of his elbows on the arm-chair by bringing his hands together, in a sort of prayerful attitude, on a level with his chin, while he slowly moved his right leg crossed easily over his left knee, and looked occasionally towards us, but mostly towards the fire; "I took it into my head, in commencing professional life, to try Australia. Everyone told me I should make my fortune there, or rather, that there was some chance of doing so *there* and none whatever *here*. I went, and tried. *Veni, vidi*, but I can't add *vici*. On the contrary. Melbourne itself was then only a rising place—a city of the future; and while the city would be growing the Doctor would be starving. I wasn't the only one doomed to disappointment; however, it was not to be my vocation in life, and I am grateful for the use, which so much knowledge

of life as I was then able to pick up, has been to me."

"It is a rare thing for the same man to be at once physician of souls and bodies," remarked Austin.

"Now-a-days it is so; but formerly monasteries were excellent dispensaries, and Brother So-and-so was chemist, druggist, herbalist, and doctor. The Jesuits, too, at a later date, were proficient in the healing art, and their missionaries were in many instances bound to make themselves acquainted with the science of medicine. We have the 'Jesuits' bark' handed down to us now. Many a time," continued Dr. Poddeley, reflectively, "would the combination of the two offices have been singularly serviceable to me. I remember—indeed I shall never forget it—being called to the bedside of a dying woman, connected, as I understood, with a company of strolling players, who had come out for the same reasons that had induced most of us to leave England. The poor woman was sensible, but powerless to express her meaning by words or signs. She had lived, I could see, a careless, dissipated life, and at the supreme moment it was the clergyman who was wanted more than the physician. She lay dying in the house of her married sister, who, with her husband, was away from home at the time. Only two of her theatrical companions were with her—a good, sensible young woman who nursed her tenderly, and a pompous person, whose distraction, under any other circumstances, would have been really most diverting. He it was who had fetched me, and on my arrival I administered restoratives, and despatched him for a clergyman. I whispered to the poor woman, now rapidly sinking, such consolatory words as I could think of; a light of sudden intelligence beamed in her eyes, and she stretched her hands with unexpected energy towards the door. It opened, and our messenger had returned with a Catholic priest. He was a foreigner. I shall never forget that moment. By instinct I yielded my place to him, and as he knelt by her pillow he placed in her hands, a small crucifix which he gently moved

towards her lips. Then, being unable to speak English, he said, clearly and distinctly, the '*Confiteor*' of the Romish Church, which the poor woman evidently recognized as familiar to her, and, we could tell by her eyes, that she followed it sentence by sentence. Then the priest pronounced the absolution in Latin, and as for the last time she bowed her head as if doing grateful homage to the well-known words, a calm, contented smile lighted up her pallid face, and, as the priest made the sign of the cross over her the stertorous breathing was suddenly checked, and with a long-drawn sigh of weariness of the world, she passed away to her eternal rest. Then we knelt and prayed. The sudden slamming of the door caused us all to raise our heads, and to our astonishment—and for a second, to my horror—there, dressed in tawdry finery, stood before us the living image of the dead woman."

"Who was it?" we asked.

"Her twin sister, so like in face to the one lying dead before us, that at first we could scarcely credit the evidence of our senses. The awful lesson of that evening was lost on that unhappy woman, who, however, had been, I was informed, more sinned against than sinning. Her husband had married her for such money as she had possessed, and had recently deserted her."

"Did you ever see her again?" I asked.

"Once only, on registering the death. The priest, too, had left; indeed, his presence there at all was almost miraculous, as he was a French missionary who was sailing for England the very next morning. The dead woman had been but a lax Catholic, I was given to understand, by her theatrical friends, and in fact had not practised her religion for years. The following week I myself quitted Melbourne, but I date from that evening the first, as it were, setting of my resolution to forsake the calling of a physician for that of a clergyman."

There was a pause of a minute or so, and then Austin broke the silence.

"I almost wonder, Dr. Poddeley, that your experience on that evening did not lead you towards becoming a Catholic priest."

"It did at first," replied Dr. Poddeley, with a satisfied air, "as I confess I was so taken with the idea of the system which rendered a French priest to be useful to the poor wretched, dying Englishwoman, without understanding the language. But that system, fascinating as it is, will not, you will find out when you have studied it as I have, bear investigation. The Church of England has a great future before her, not for this country alone, but for the world at large."

"Then these actors, her friends, knew she was a Catholic?" I asked.

"Yes, as I have said, they had some vague ideas on the subject, and Verney—"

"Verney!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, that was his name; he thought the clergyman of one creed just as good as another in such an emergency, and was not aware until afterwards what a real service he had rendered the unhappy woman."

What Nurse Davis had hinted at now impelled me to the next question. Could it be possible that I was indeed on the very track of which I was in search?

"Can you, Dr. Poddeley," I asked, trembling with excitement, "remember the other names?"

"Aye, well enough; the woman who died was Sarah Wingrove, her sister's name was Susan, but at this moment I cannot exactly recall the married name of the latter."

I had started from my chair so energetically that Mrs. Poddeley screamed.

"You may thank Heaven for this," said Austin; "it comes most opportunely."

Then he told my story to Dr. Poddeley, who forthwith begged me to make what use I chose of the information.

## THE PRINCE PRINTERS OF ITALY.

## PART II.

SOME writers have affirmed that Aldo Manuzio first invented the Greek types. This, however, Rénouard declares to be only so far true that up to the time of Aldo, whenever a Greek passage occurred in a book, it was left blank to be filled up with the pen, because few of the printing establishments were furnished with Greek types. But Greek books, many of them of importance, were known to be printed before that time, such as the Grammar of Lascaris at Milan in 1476, a Homer at Florence in 1488, and others besides. Nevertheless, there is no doubt that Aldo was the first to introduce a great improvement in the existing Greek types, which were badly shaped and rudely cut, whereas he had new ones formed after the pattern of the best manuscripts. Moreover, Greek books, which had been printed slowly and at rare intervals, now issued from the great Venetian Press with astonishing speed. When Aldo had amply furnished himself with Greek and Latin types,<sup>1</sup> his next step was to adopt a peculiar device whereby his books might be distinguished all over the world. He chose with singular sagacity the mark of the Dolphin and Anchor well known to all, and which, adopted by English printers<sup>2</sup> and publishers, is still em-

ployed to adorn many of the choicest editions of our books.

The Dolphin was chosen because of the speed with which the fish is said almost to leap through the waves, while the Anchor, on the contrary, represents stability and repose. By these emblems Aldo meant to imply that, in order to labour to any purpose, the scheme of work must be carefully and maturely weighed, and then be executed with rapidity.<sup>1</sup> It is said that two Emperors, Titus and Domitian, made use of the same emblem, and that Aldo was presented by a member of his Academy (Il Bembo), with a silver medal of the time of Titus, bearing the stamp of the Dolphin and Anchor. Although he had for some time entertained the idea of employing this device, it was only used for the first time in 1502, for a small 8vo Dante, and all the books which subsequently issued from his press bear this celebrated emblem. As might have been expected, there were many counterfeit dolphins and anchors employed by printers, who, disregarding the monopolies granted to Aldo, sought by the aid of this stamp, and by imitating his types, to pass off their books as productions of the celebrated Aldine Press. Among these were the Giunti of Florence, of whom Francesco d'Asola, a partner and relation of Aldo, bitterly complains in his Preface to the Titus Livius of 1518. He discovered their fraud by the fact of the dolphin's mouth being turned to the left, and not to the right, as in the Aldine stamp. Theodorick Martens, a Belgian printer, who

<sup>1</sup> A contemporary writer affirms that Aldo had silver types cast for his favourite editions. Another declares that the Pope promised Paolo Manuzio a set of types in the same precious metal, "argentei typi;" but Rénouard casts doubt upon this, declaring that the expense of casting types in silver would have been too great. Nor would they have been sufficiently durable. On the same account, he refuses to believe that silver types were employed to print a Bible at Cambridge, by Field, in 1656.—*Ann. des Aldes*, iii. 85.

<sup>2</sup> As, for example, William Pickering, of London, with the inscription "Aldi Discip. Anglvs." His edition of the British Poets is in the small 8vo. form which Aldo had invented. The mark which he adopted for his books was

the later and more finished impression of the Dolphin and Anchor, struck in the time of Paolo Manuzio, and technically termed "L'Ancore grassa." The original stamp of the Aldine Press, as employed by the great Aldo, appears in the books of Mr. Basil Montagu Pickering, the present publisher.

<sup>1</sup> *Annales des Aldes*, vol. iii. p. 97.

died at Alost in 1534, stamped his editions with a double anchor; to which Erasmus, many of whose works he printed, makes allusion in his epitaph upon the printer:—

“Here I lie, Theodoric of Alost.

The sacred anchor remains, emblem dearest  
to my youth.

Be Thou, O Christ, I pray, my sacred anchor  
now.”<sup>1</sup>

The dolphin and anchor were indeed more or less imitated by many printers of this century at Paris, Basle, Cologne, Rome, Parma, &c. &c. John Crespin, of Geneva, placed them at the foot of a Greek Testament, with the initials J. C. and the following lines:—

“Les agités en mer, Christ, seule ancre  
sacrée  
Assuree, et en tout temps seule sauve et  
recrée.”

These printers, for the most part, adopted the device after the death of Aldo, but during his lifetime he suffered most annoyance from the printers at Lyons, who imitated his editions without scruple, and even copied his prefaces.

These frequent piracies at last compelled Manuzio to draw up a formal remonstrance, in which he pointed out the typographical errors and general incorrectness of the fraudulent editions. But even this the Lyonesse printers turned to account, for they quickly extracted the erroneous sheets, which they replaced with new ones, corrected according to Aldo's remonstrance, and thus their fraud was doubly secured.

It is now time to speak of the Academy, the “Aldi Neacademia,” formed by Aldo in Venice for the especial purpose of presiding over the editions of the classics, and ensuring their excellence and correctness. All the learned men of Italy of that time esteemed it an honour to belong to this Academy.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> “Hic Theodoricus jaceo prognatus Alosto

Anchora sacra manet, note gratissima  
pubi  
Christe, precor, nunc sis anchora sacra  
mihi.”

<sup>2</sup> For a list of members see Rénouard, *Ann. des Aldes*, vol. iii. pp. 36—38.

The name of Erasmus is also enrolled among the list of members. His “Adagia,” as has been already stated, were printed at the Aldine Press, and Aldo announces, in the preface, that he had purposely delayed the printing of many classical editions in order to publish immediately this most excellent work. Erasmus, on the other hand, observes, in the same book, that “If some tutelary deity had promoted the views of Aldo, the learned would shortly have been in possession not only of all the Greek and Latin authors, but even of the Hebrew and Chaldee, insomuch that nothing could have been wanting in this respect to their wishes.”<sup>1</sup>

It is sad, however, to relate that this friendship between Aldo and Erasmus, which had been founded on mutual esteem, did not last. It was even exchanged for a dislike almost approaching to hatred, and difficult to account for. Whereas it had been the pride of Erasmus to assist in the correction of the great Venetian Press, he afterwards indignantly disclaimed having undertaken the correction of any but his own works, and is careful to explain that he never received from Aldo the wages of a corrector of the press. Some affirm that the Italian manner of living appeared to Erasmus frugal and parsimonious when compared with the good cheer of Germany or of his native country, and that he left Venice on that account. But a more probable solution would seem to be that as his opinions inclined towards those of Luther and his party, they became distasteful to Aldo, who had every reason to attach himself to the cause of the Popes, to whom he owed three successive monopolies. It is certain that, after the quarrel, whenever Aldo or his successors printed a book for Erasmus, they inserted the contemptuous designation of “Transalpinus quidam homo” in the title, instead of the name of the author, as if to signify his complete disgrace at the Court of Rome. Moreover, the Prince of Carpi, who had supplied the funds for establishing the

<sup>1</sup> Roscoe's *Life of Leo X.*, vol. i. p. 168.



Aldine Press, was strongly opposed to the views of Erasmus, and even went so far as to refute them in a work of much erudition. When Luther first began to declare his opinions, the eyes of the world were fastened on Erasmus as one of the most learned men of the age, to see which side he would embrace. While the Lutherans, in spite of the protestations of Erasmus, declared that he held their opinion, he was an object of interest to two parties in the Church of Rome: the one headed by Leo X., Clement VIII., and Cardinal Sadoletto, who tried by praise and flattery to keep him within the pale of the faith and to induce him to lay down those opinions which led him to be suspected; and on the other hand, those who thought it their duty to protest openly against him, to point out his errors and mistakes, in order that others might not make shipwreck of their faith upon the same rocks which had wrought his ruin. Foremost among these was Alberto Pio, Prince of Carpi. Erasmus, to whom the character and learning of this Prince were well known, and who had besides seen him often in Venice, remonstrated with him for the harshness of his language, to which Alberto replied in a learned treatise, dated May 12, 1526, pointing out to Erasmus the dangerous nature of his opinions, so little removed from those of Luther, at the same time praising both his genius and learning.

Erasmus defended himself against this attack, and the controversy continued. Theology had always been the favourite study of the literary prince of Carpi, and he now undertook an elaborate work, singularly free from the scholasticism of the age, eloquent in style, and full of erudition, in which he examines and compares the works of Erasmus and of Luther. This work he printed at Paris, where he had taken refuge after the sack of Rome by the troops of Charles V. It was in the press when he died (1531), and was published in Paris that same year.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "Alberti Pii Carporum Comitiss Illustrissimi et Viri longe doctissimi preter prefationem et operis conclusionem, tres et Viginti libri in locos lucubrationum variarum D.

These few fragments are all that can be collected of the history of a prince who has perhaps literally, the most right to be called a Prince Printer of Italy, his name appearing in conjunction with that of the first Venetian Printer on the title-page of each one of those splendid volumes of Venetian typography as they issued from his press. His tutor and friend, the great Manuzio, whom he had been the means of so largely benefiting, and who in return, had spent his whole life in executing the vast literary designs of the prince, had pre-deceased him by some years. Aldo died in 1515, at the age of 66, before he could accomplish his cherished project of printing a Bible in three languages,—Hebrew, Greek, and Latin. One page only was executed of this great undertaking, but the beauty of the characters of all three languages, in each of which Aldo was an equally good scholar, is sufficient to show what a noble work the first Polyglot Bible would have been had he lived to execute his design.<sup>1</sup>

Aldo was by his own especial wish buried at Carpi, in the Church of San Paterniano.

But the reputation of the Aldine Press, which he had founded, was not destined to expire with him, nor was the patronage of the princes of Italy only exercised in Carpi.

Paolo Manuzio, the third son of Aldo il vecchio, and the only one who followed the profession which his father had rendered so famous, was but three years old at the death of Aldo. The work of the Aldine Press was not, however, suspended on that account, but, still bearing the name of its illustrious founder, was maintained by Andrea Torresano d'Asola, the father-in-law of Aldo il vecchio, with whom he had entered into partnership on marrying his daughter, and who had assisted him in his pecuniary difficulties. Andrea was himself an adept in the art of printing, and, some years previous to his entering into this part-

Erasmii Roterodami quos censet ab eo recognoscendos et retractandos."—*Tir. Storia*, vii. 295.

<sup>1</sup> For fac-simile of page see Rénouard, *Annales*, iii. 44.

nership, had purchased the printing establishment of Nicholas Jenson, another Venetian printer of some reputation, which thus became incorporated into the Aldine Printing House. The operations of this great firm were thereby still further extended, and were carried on by Andrea d'Asola and his two sons, Francesco and Federigo, during the minority of Paolo Manuzio.

The books printed during this period are marked

"In ædibus Aldi et Andreæ soceri."

The stamp of the Press was preserved unchanged, with the addition of the peculiar mark of the Torresani—a tower with the letters A. T.—till the death of Andrea in 1529, when the establishment ceased to work for a few years.

It was re-opened in 1533, by the young Paolo Manuzio, who, although only twenty-one, inspired confidence both by his name and the diligence with which he had applied himself to his studies. In 1540 the partnership with his uncles, the Torresani, was dissolved. They went to Paris, where they set up, a few years later, a printing establishment, while Paolo, with the advice and assistance of his father's learned friends, conducted the Aldine firm at Venice. The books which now issued from this press bore either the inscription "Apud Aldi Filios" or "In ædibus Pauli Manutii." A new and more careful stamp of the dolphin and anchor was struck, which is termed by Italian booksellers "L'Ancora grassa," to distinguish it from that of Aldo il vecchio. In 1546 the stamp underwent a still greater change, the anchor having, to use an heraldic term, two cherubs for "supporters" on either side, and the words "Aldi Filii" substituted for the single name, which, divided in two, "Al-Dvs," was formerly placed on either side the anchor.<sup>1</sup>

In the year 1571, the Emperor Maximilian II. conferred upon Paolo a patent of nobility, with the right to add the Eagle of the Empire to his coat of arms,

which was the same as the mark of his press. But Paolo died before he could make use of this new device, and the only books which bear it were printed after his death by his son.

Paolo Manuzio, being now sole proprietor of the firm, applied himself diligently to follow his father's footsteps, and gave himself up entirely to literary and typographical labours. The editions which he issued from his press were universally famed for their beauty and correctness, and for the erudition of their notes and prefaces. His edition of Cicero of 1540 was considered the best and most important of any classical author yet published.<sup>1</sup> The "Aldi Neacademia," which his father had founded, and which had existed but a few years, was replaced in Paolo's time by a great "Accademia Veneziana," also called "Della Fama," from its emblem—a representation of Fame with the motto: "Io volo al ciel per riposarmi in Dio." It was founded in 1556 at the cost of Federigo Badoaro, a Venetian senator, and about a hundred of the most distinguished literary and scientific men of Italy belonged to it, with Bernardo Tasso, father of the poet, as president. It was intended for the general encouragement of the arts and sciences, with the special objects of correcting the numerous mistakes of the old books on philosophy and theology, adding annotations and dissertations, and translating them into various languages. The printing was entrusted to the Aldine firm, and Paolo Manuzio was chosen as corrector of the press. He was, besides, appointed to fill the chair of eloquence in the Academy. In a short time many books were issued, which, for the beauty of their type, the quality of their paper, and the accuracy of their corrections, obtained a great reputation for this Academy. But, unhappily, the brilliant expectations to which this institution had given rise, were dashed to the ground by the bankruptcy of its founder, and the "Accademia della Fama" was as short-lived as the "Aldi Neacademia" had been. It strug-

<sup>1</sup> For these various forms, see Rénouard, *Annales*, iii. 98—101.

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<sup>1</sup> Hallam, *Lit. of Europe*, vol. i. p. 325.

gled on for a few months after this catastrophe, until its complete collapse, after an existence of but four years, and thirty years went by before another Venetian Academy could be established.

Still, the manner in which Paolo Manuzio, during his brief connection with this institution, had discharged his functions, won for him a great reputation, so that when after its collapse he travelled through Italy for the purpose of visiting the fine libraries which it was the pride and glory of the princes to collect, it was the endeavour of each and all to retain him in their principality. The Senate of Bologna offered him a large sum to carry on his printing in their city, and the Cardinal Ippolito d'Este tried in the same way to retain him in Ferrara, but the honour of an Aldine establishment was reserved for the Imperial city. In the year 1539, the Cardinal Marcello Cervini and Alessandro Farnese had formed the design of setting up a printing-press in Rome for the purpose of printing the manuscripts of the Vatican. Antonio Blado Asolano, the printer selected to execute the design, previous to going to Rome, went to Venice to implore the assistance of the Aldine Press in the preparation of types, paper, and other requisites for the undertaking. The Venetian firm gladly lent their powerful assistance, and beautiful editions of Greek and Latin authors soon issued from the Blado Press, of which the most remarkable was a Homer with the commentaries of Eustathius, published in 1542.

But it was the age of Luther, and the presses of the Holy See were required for other purposes than that of reproducing ancient classical authors. Pius IV. therefore summoned no less a person than the great Venetian printer to establish a branch of the Aldine Press at Rome, for the purpose of printing the works of the Fathers of the Church, and other ecclesiastical writers, in order to oppose some barrier to the flood of new opinions which was rapidly overspreading the world. At the cost of Pius IV., who, besides an annual salary of five hundred scudi, paid in advance the whole expense of

the transfer of himself and family, Il Manuzio opened his printing-house in the Campidoglio, the very palace of the Roman people, and the books printed there bear the stamp of "Apud Paulum Manutium in sedibus Populi Romani, 1561."

It would seem as if so classical a residence and so important an employment must have fixed Paolo Manuzio for ever in Rome. But nevertheless, from various reasons (and no satisfactory one has yet been discovered) either because his gains were not in proportion to his labours, or because the climate was not suited to his health, after the lapse of nine years he left Rome and returned to Venice.

Yet he was never able, after his sojourn in Rome, to settle again. He went both to Genoa and Milan, and in 1573 once more to Rome, for the purpose of visiting a daughter whom he had left in a convent there. Gregory XIII. then occupied the papal chair, but like his predecessor, he knew too well the value of a man of so great a literary reputation as Paolo to let him escape out of his hands. Gregory offered him an annual stipend, with entire liberty to attend to his own pursuits, if he would once more conduct the Aldine Press at Rome. Paolo agreed, but his second sojourn in Rome was shorter even than the first; not, however, this time from any inconstancy on his part, but because death overtook him early in the following year (1574). Although Paolo Manuzio was inferior to his father, in that he only maintained what Aldo had created, he was equal to him as a printer and editor. Some writers say that his taste as a critic was not so faultless as that of Aldo il vecchio, but his works place him among the most polished writers, both in Latin and Italian, of his age. His most famous Latin treatises are the two upon the Roman Laws and Polity.<sup>1</sup> In his letters Manuzio carefully copied the style of Cicero, whose letters he also commented on. The literary men of his time even went so far as to say that

<sup>1</sup> "De Legibus Romanorum," and "De Civitate."—Hallam, *Lit. of Europe*, i. 523.

it was difficult to decide whether Manuzio owed most to Cicero or Cicero to Manuzio. But while Hallam places him among those writers of the latter part of the sixteenth century who were conspicuous for their purity of style, he blames him for too close an imitation of Cicero, which causes the reader soon to weary of his writings, however correct and polished they may be. Paolo Manuzio also wrote and published various small treatises in elegant and beautiful Italian. He made a careful study of Roman antiquities, and was the first to discover on an ancient marble the Roman Calendar, which he published in 1555, with an explanation, and a short treatise on the ancient manner of counting the days. Like all eminent men he had his detractors, such as Gabriello Barri, who accused him of being a plagiarist, but the accusation was entirely without foundation.<sup>1</sup>

At the same time Tiraboschi blames Paolo for his discontent, and for his repeated complaints of the indifference shown by the princes of his time to the progress of literature. The short sketch the life of Manuzio just given is sufficient to prove the injustice of these complaints, and Tiraboschi shows that at the time when they were made (1595) there was not a province in Italy without a prince whose pride and glory it was to cherish and protect literature and learning, and who has not left behind him the recollection of his munificent protection of science and art. But Manuzio was often hindered in his great labours by ill-health and weakness of eyes; and this may perhaps account for that peevish and querulous disposition which led him to find fault with the times in which he lived.

He left four children, but only one son—called Aldo, after his illustrious grandfather—was destined to maintain the family reputation.

Aldo "il giovane," so called to distinguish him from the founder of the family, seemed destined to fulfil the brilliant expectations suggested by his name, by publishing, at the age of eleven, a small collection of choice

Latin and Italian authors, together with a treatise upon the two languages;<sup>1</sup> and this was followed, in three years' time, by a more learned and more considerable treatise upon Latin orthography.<sup>2</sup>

That his father must largely have assisted him in these two works can admit of little doubt; indeed, Rénouard<sup>3</sup> suggests that it was probably the work of Paolo himself, with some few contributions from his son, and that the father published the book in the name of Aldo in order to give him a brilliant start on his literary career.

His after reputation did not at any rate keep pace with so remarkable a beginning, and the success which he did achieve was due more to his name than to his individual efforts. He profited by his residence at Rome during his father's lifetime to augment his collection of ancient inscriptions, by studying the monuments themselves instead of the accounts of them in books. He was thus able considerably to improve his work on Latin orthography, of which he published a new edition in 1566. This work, the fruit of great research, is even now consulted by those who wish to write or reprint Latin books.<sup>4</sup>

Paolo Manuzio entrusted his son with the management of the Aldine Press at Venice, himself conducting the branch which he had transferred to Rome.

The Venetian Press, under the superintendence of Aldo il giovane, did not so much produce new works as reprints of those editions on which its reputation was already founded. From 1540 to 1575 it was chiefly occupied upon the works of Cicero; and the most celebrated work of Aldo il giovane was his commentary upon the works of this author, in ten volumes. Five of these it must, however, be stated, were the work of Paolo, and only the latter five were added by his son.

In 1572 the young Aldo married

<sup>1</sup> *Eleganze insieme con la copia della lingua Toscana e Romana, scelte da Aldo Manuzio, 1558.*

<sup>2</sup> *Orthographie Ratio ab Aldo Manuzio.*

<sup>3</sup> *Ann. des Aldes*, vol. iii. p. 176.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* p. 178.

<sup>1</sup> See Tiraboschi, vii. 211.

Francesca Lucrezia, a daughter of a branch of that same Giunti family of printers who had been the early rivals of the Aldine Press. His career at Venice does not seem to have been very distinguished, although, perhaps more as a tribute to his name than his merits, he was made Secretary to the Venetian Senate, and other marks of distinction were conferred upon him. Yet he was not loyal to a city which had honoured himself and his family, or to an institution which had immortalized his name. In the hope of greater gains and a more extended reputation, he accepted the post of Professor of Latin Eloquence at Bologna, in the room of the learned Sigonius; and he left Venice (1585) never to return, having previously made over the famous press which bore his name to Niccolo Manassi.

Aldo il giovane had a full share of that princely favour which his father and grandfather had enjoyed. His Life of Cosimo de' Medici procured him the favour of Francesco, his descendant, the then reigning duke, who placed him in the chair of *belles lettres* at Pisa, through which he became a member of the Florentine Academy. At the same time he was offered a similar position at Rome, vacant by the death of the famous Latin scholar Muretus. This he at first refused, but it was kept open in the hope that he would one day accept it, which at last he determined to do. Yielding to the entreaties of Pope Sixtus V., he transferred himself and his vast library—the result of the united labours of his father and grandfather—to Rome in the year 1588. He fulfilled the duties of the Professor's chair during the lifetime of this Pope, and at his death in 1590, his successor, Clement VIII., gave Aldo, in addition to this post of honour, the more lucrative position of superintendent of the Vatican Printing Press. This responsible office he only held during five years, dying—it is commonly supposed, of a surfeit—in 1597. Such was the unsatisfactory end of an unsatisfactory life, which by no means fulfilled the brilliant promise of its early years. Dazzled by the glory of a premature reputation, Aldo neglected the profession which his father

and grandfather had raised to so much honour; and instead of being, like them, the first printer of his age, filled an inferior place among literary men. It would seem also that he possessed more learning than taste in employing his knowledge, and that, while gifted with a retentive memory, he was by no means in other respects a genius. His works are those of a learned man, well acquainted with his subjects, but written in a dry, repulsive style. One of those supposed to be the most interesting is the "Life of Castruccio Castracani," the usurper who became Lord of Lucca. The life of this singular individual had already been written by Macchiavelli in Italian, and by Tegrini in Latin; but Aldo, dissatisfied with both these biographies, made a journey to Lucca for the purpose of consulting the public archives and family documents. With their assistance he published at Rome a new life of this extraordinary soldier of fortune, entitled, "Le Attioni di Castruccio Castracani degli Antelminelli, Signore di Lucca." It is praised by De Thou, and a new edition was published at Pisa as lately as 1820.

Aldo il giovane left no surviving children, and with him the family became extinct; while the Press which will for ever bear their name, passed into other hands. He died, moreover, without a will, and the splendid library of 80,000 volumes, which it had taken three generations to collect, was divided among his creditors. Angelo Rocca wrote an epitaph upon the three Manuzii, in which, however, he shows an undue partiality for Aldo il giovane.<sup>1</sup>

The annals of the Aldine Family have been given the place of prominence in this paper, and pursued as closely as its brief limit will allow, because they illustrate not only the progress and perfecting of the typographical art in

<sup>1</sup> "Aldus Manutius senior, moritura Latina Græcæque restituit mortuus ferme typis. Paulus restituit calamo monumenta Quiritum  
Utque alter Cicero scripta diserta dedit.  
Aldus dum juvenis miratur avumque patremque  
Filius atque nepos, est avus atque Pater."

Rénouard, *Ann. des Aldes*, vol. iii. p. 208.



Italy in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, but also the princely favour and patronage to which that art was in its infancy so much indebted. The circumstances also in which the Manuzii were placed, and the nature of their labours, give their history an interest which does not perhaps belong to that of any other printer. Nor are similar circumstances likely to occur again. Never again, as in the case of Aldo il vecchio, will it fall to the lot of any printer to exhume and rescue from destruction the ancient classics; nor will it again be the privilege of any prince to lend his countenance and supply the funds requisite for so arduous and so glorious a task.

"Reddo Diem" is the apt motto placed by Manni on the title-page of his life of Aldo Pio Manuzio, and it is not easy to determine whether the Venetian printer deserves most the gratitude of posterity for the light of knowledge which his discoveries shed upon the world, or for the preservation of that knowledge by an art which he brought to perfection and which seems to render a future dark era impossible. But although these two achievements may fairly give him the claim to be considered the chief printer of Italy, it must be admitted that in point of time others had preceded him. It is commonly supposed that the first Italian press was set up by two Germans, Sweinheim and Pannartz, in the monastery of Subiaco, then inhabited by German monks in the Roman Campagna. They first printed the works of Donatus, followed by those of Lactantius and the "De Civitate Dei" of St. Augustine.

From Subiaco the monastery was transferred to Rome, where it was under the patronage of the Popes, Paul II. and Sixtus V., who conferred the Episcopate of Aleria, in Corsica, on the corrector of their press, Giannandrea dei Bussi, a man of great learning, but at that time in the very depths of poverty. Another bishop, Giannantonio Campano, bishop of Terramo, corrected the proofs of a rival printing-house, that of Udalrico Gallo at Rome.<sup>1</sup>

Before the time of Aldo, Venice had her printing presses, one set up in 1469 by Giovanni da Spira and Vendelino his brother, another that of Niccolo Jenson, which, as has been already seen, was purchased by Andrea d'Asola, the father-in-law of Aldo.

In this same year books were also printed in Milan, which may boast of having printed the first Greek book, the Grammar of Lascaris, of Constantinople, in 1476, by Dionigi da Paravisino.

Florence was celebrated for the family of the Giunti, who attained a great reputation in their own city, and also established branches of their firm at Venice and Lyons. Luc Antonio Giunta and Filippo his brother were the first printers in this family, and like the Manuzii, of whom they were often the not very scrupulous rivals, they published a great number of editions of the classics. Of these, the most celebrated was an edition of Plutarch's Lives in Greek, first published in that language by Filippo Giunta; while Bernardo, his son, published the celebrated edition of Boccaccio's "Decamerone."<sup>1</sup> The Giunti maintained their printing reputation through several generations, and their rivalries with the Aldine firm were finally extinguished by the marriage of the grand-daughter of Luc-Antonio Giunta with the grandson of Aldo il vecchio, in 1572. The family did not become extinct till the middle of the next century.

The art of printing spread in Italy with surprising rapidity, not only in the large cities, among which it was soon the exception to find one without a press, but also in the smaller towns, and even villages. Books were printed in St. Orso, near Vincenza; Polliano, near Verona; Pieve di Sacco, Nonantola, and Scandiano, in the duchies of Modena and Reggio; so that it may fairly be said that if Italy did not invent the art, she did her utmost to propagate it with rapidity.

Moreover, the influence of printing was not confined to the field, however vast and fruitful, of classical learning. It also penetrated into the wide and

<sup>1</sup> Tiraboschi, *Storia*, vi. 162, 166, 168.

<sup>1</sup> Rénouard, *Annales*, iii. 341.

comparatively untried area of Oriental literature, and the restoration of the Greek and Roman languages was speedily followed by the study of the Eastern tongues, which, although necessary to the better knowledge of the sacred writings, had been for a long time neglected. The first Hebrew book ever printed is supposed to have been the Pentateuch, printed at Bologna in 1482, prior even to those issued by the famous Hebrew press at Soncino, already alluded to, which was established in 1484. In the next century the Hebrew language was studied to a considerable extent for controversial purposes, on the one side by the German Protestants, and on the other by the champions of the Roman faith. It was the favourite language of the great Bellarmine, himself a considerable Hebrew scholar.

The Syriac and Chaldee, closely related to Hebrew, were studied for the same theological purposes, also the Arabic, by far the most fertile in books. The first Arabic press was set up at Fano by the Venetian Giorgio, at the cost of Pope Julius II. It was the first press with Oriental types established in Europe, and although no book was issued from it during the life-time of that Pope, one year after his death (in 1516) there appeared the first attempts at a polyglot Bible in a Psalter printed in four languages, Hebrew, Greek, Arabic, and Chaldee, of which a Dominican, Agostino Giustiniani, was the editor.<sup>1</sup>

This instance of good-will, which in the midst of his devouring ambition Pope Julius II. manifested to literature and art, would have been more highly esteemed, had not his immediate successor, Leo X., the worthy son of Il Magnifico, opened another Augustan age for literature and learning in Italy. And yet an eminent literary historian observes, "that although these times are generally distinguished as the age of Leo the Tenth, I cannot perceive why the Italians have agreed to restrict to the Court of this Pontiff that literary glory which was common to all Italy. It is not my intention to detract a single

particle from the praises due to Leo X. for the services rendered by him to the cause of literature. I shall only remark that the greater part of the Italian princes of this period might with equal right pretend to the same honour; so that there is no particular reason for conferring on Leo the superiority over all the rest."<sup>2</sup> Still, the patronage of the Holy See, which was accorded to the earliest beginnings of printing in Italy, was exercised with a continual munificence worthy of especial consideration. The Popes lost no opportunity of protecting and furthering the progress of an art whose manifold importance to the Holy See became daily more apparent.

Leo X. has been blamed, and not without reason, for cultivating the classics to the neglect of sacred literature. The two opposite historians of the Council of Trent (Fra Paolo Sarpi, and Pallavicino) seem to agree upon this point.<sup>3</sup>

A further witness to the devotion of this Pope to classical study and literature, appears in his edition of the first five books of Tacitus, purchased for five hundred "scudi" from the Abbey of Corvey, in Westphalia, and printed and published at Rome in a new and costly edition at his own private expense, with the monopoly secured for ten years under pain of excommunication. The edition of Plato dedicated to him by Aldo Manuzio was also secured to him by Aldo Manuzio in a similar manner.

On the other hand, instances may be urged of the encouragement afforded by him to many learned men who devoted themselves to the study of the sacred writings. On being informed that Pagnini, a learned ecclesiastic then in Rome, had undertaken to translate the Bible from the original Hebrew, Leo requested to be allowed the inspection of this work. He also ordered that the whole should be transcribed at his own expense, and gave directions that it should be im-

<sup>1</sup> Roscoe's *Leo the Tenth* (from Andres, *Dell' origine d'ogni Letteratura*), i. 380.

<sup>2</sup> See their judgments—Sarpi, *Storia*, i. 11, 12; Pallavicino, *Conc. di Trento*, lib. i. cap. ii. p. 51.

<sup>3</sup> Ginguené, vol. vii. p. 233.

mediately printed.<sup>1</sup> Tesco Ambrogio of Pavia, who is said to have understood no less than eighteen different languages, was employed by this Pope to translate the liturgy of the Eastern clergy from the Chaldee into Latin, and was also appointed by him to a chair at the University of Bologna, where he delivered instruction in the Syriac and Chaldee languages. Moreover, the great Cardinal Ximenes dedicated his Complutensian Polyglot Bible to Leo, as an acknowledgment of the encouragement which he had afforded to Oriental learning. Leo the Tenth died in 1582. It was during the brief Pontificate of his immediate successors, nine of whom filled the Papal chair in an interval of sixty-three years, that the Manuzii (Paolo and his son Aldo) were summoned to establish a branch of their printing press in Rome.

It was the glory of Sixtus V., elected Pope in 1585, to securely establish the Vatican printing press. This press was principally intended for early Christian literature, and the dedication to him of the works of Gregory the Great, by Pietro da Tossignano, sets forth that infinite praise is due to Sixtus V., both for the idea and the execution of so magnificent a scheme as the publication of the Holy Fathers of the Church, whereby a great and solid advantage is obtained for the Catholic Faith. The splendid editions of the Vulgate and of the Septuagint, and many other works of great value, were the fruit of this last scheme of Sixtus V.

After the death of Aldo il giovane, the regulation of this press, which had been placed under his charge by Clement VIII., and upon which forty thousand scudi had been already expended, was confided to Domenico Borso. This expense does not appear so extraordinary when it is remembered that this press was furnished not only with Greek and Latin, but also with Hebrew and other Oriental characters, with paper of great value, and every other requisite for the perfection of this art. Above all, the most learned men of the age were paid high salaries to supervise and correct the editions which issued from it.

<sup>1</sup> Roscoe's *Life of Leo X.*, vol. ii. p. 401.

Many of the Cardinals imitated the example of the Popes. Even before Sixtus V. had conceived or executed his vast scheme, another, almost equally magnificent, had been carried into effect by Cardinal Ferdinando de' Medici. In 1580 he opened a printing press in Rome, with Oriental types, to be entirely devoted to the publication of books in Eastern languages, for the purpose of propagating the Roman faith among the people of the East, and bringing them into the fold of the Roman Church. Gregory XIII. placed under his care the two Patriarchates of Alexandria and Antioch, and declared him also Protector of Ethiopia, thus committing the salvation of those far-off countries to his charge.

The Cardinal did not neglect his trust, but despatched learned and expert travellers throughout Syria, Persia, Ethiopia, and other Oriental provinces, in search of manuscripts, which they brought to Rome to be printed. First there issued from his Oriental press an Arabic and Chaldaic Grammar, the works of Avicenna and Euclid, then the four Gospels, first in Hebrew, and afterwards in a Latin version, of which 3,000 copies were printed. He had also intended to print the Bible in six of the principal Eastern languages, in order that these, joined to the four already printed, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and Chaldee, might make altogether a Bible in ten languages, the grammar and dictionary of each tongue also forming part of the work. But the simultaneous death of Pope Gregory XIII., and of his own brother Francesco de' Medici, whom he succeeded as Grand Duke of Tuscany, prevented the accomplishment of this design. His Oriental press, however, continued to work for many years. In fact, most of the books in Oriental types published at Rome in the beginning of the seventeenth century contain the imprint—"Ex Typographia Medicea linguarum externarum." These types were afterwards transported to Florence, and are still preserved in the Palazzo Vecchio.

Thus it may be said that both the Pontiffs and Cardinals of the sixteenth

and seventeenth centuries made use of their power no less than of their treasure in furthering the interests of science. Indeed, the dedications of the infinite number of books printed in this century, the letters of the learned men of the age, and all the various monuments of Papal magnificence which still exist in Rome, bear witness to this fact.

The two other princely houses which vied the nearest with Rome in munificence were those of Este and of the Medici. It would be difficult to decide which of these two carried off the palm in the opinions of contemporary writers. To Cosimo de' Medici Florence and all Tuscany, of which he was the Grand Duke, are indebted for the enthusiasm with which during his reign the arts were cultivated, and the perfection to which they were brought. The favour of this prince was also extended to printing, and at his own cost he sent for Arnaldo Arlenio, a German printer, established him in Florence, and associated him with Torrentino, whose beautiful editions date from 1548.

Torrentino's editions cease with the year 1563, and it is supposed that the wars in which Tuscany was then involved caused him and his associate to seek a more peaceful retreat in Mondovì, where the Duke Emmanuel Philibert is said to have entered into partnership with them. He at any rate assigned them a provision of twenty scudi a month for three years, a fact of which Arlenio reminds him in a petition for the maintenance of his partnership with the heirs of Il Torrentino, and the payment of the promised provision, which, by some mistake, they had as yet not received. The Duke acceded to their request in a decree issued at Turin, March 15, 1571.<sup>1</sup>

The Duke of Ferrara did not suffer himself to be eclipsed by the magnificent patronage of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. Alfonso II. d'Este also opened a printing press in Ferrara for the special purpose of printing works hitherto unedited, and manuscripts which he had acquired by diligent search.

So many famous printing-houses,

established in every part of Italy, contributed to the general cultivation of literature. The multiplication of good copies of books rendered them accessible, not only to the princes themselves, but also to private individuals; while numberless new libraries were formed, and the famous old ones increased.

It would have been impossible in these few pages to do more than indicate how powerful was the assistance accorded by the princes to the art of printing during the first two centuries after its introduction into Italy. But enough has perhaps been said to prove that her potentates were fully aware of the great advantages to be derived from so wonderful an invention; more especially as it seemed to come as a reward for their incessant labours to promote the interests of literature, science, and art. Not only did the stores of classical learning thereby revealed to them repay their efforts, but the Pontiffs found also a return for their liberality in the spiritual weapons with which printing supplied them, out of the armoury of the early Fathers.

Such were some of the first effects produced in Italy by an art whose influence was scarcely less great over the other countries of Europe, although productive of different results. Printing reached its highest perfection shortly after its introduction into Italy. In point of rapidity of execution no doubt the quantity of printed matter issued in the present time is immeasurably greater. But, on the other hand, as to the quality of typography, there can be no comparison between the ephemeral productions of these days and those marvellous works, of which one alone would suffice to establish the reputation both of printer and editor.

The early Italian editions are not only sought for and prized on account of their rarity, but also on account of their unrivalled beauty, the excellent quality of their paper, the brilliancy of their type, the largeness of their margins, and the careful attention bestowed on every typographical detail. Nor then, as now, were some extravagantly-luxurious editions issued side by side

<sup>1</sup> Note to Tiraboschi, vii. 213

with others of startling inferiority, with bad paper and worse ink. The great printers of those days—the Aldi of Italy, the Elzevirs of Leyden, the Estiennes of Paris—printed for the general benefit of all readers. It is true that their publications were often dearer than the common productions of some inferior contemporary printer, but then these great printing-houses issued no bad editions—all were good, carefully executed, correct, and in good taste. So much for the manual labour which belongs to the printer; but if we turn to the intellectual share of the work which fell to the lot of the editor, there is still more to excite our admiration in the sagacity and erudition displayed in selecting the works most fitted for publication, and in arranging for their issue in the best possible manner. Looking back on those early days of printing, on the reverence with which the new discovery was employed, and the grand end which it subserved, we experience a feeling of regret that familiarity with its use should have placed in unworthy hands, and diverted often to unworthy purposes, perhaps the greatest discovery man was ever permitted to make.

"It is a very striking circumstance," says Mr. Hallam, "that the high-minded inventors of this great art tried, at the very outset, so bold a flight as the printing of an entire Bible,<sup>1</sup> and executed it with astonishing success. It was Minerva leaping on earth in her divine strength and radiant armour, ready at the moment of her nativity to subdue and destroy her enemies. . . . We may see in imagination this venerable and splendid volume leading up the crowded myriads of its followers, and imploring, as it were, a blessing on the new art by dedicating its first fruits to the service of Heaven."

In Italy, also, as we have seen, print-

ing was never employed except in the service of erudition, or, higher still, in that of Divine revelation.

Thus contemplated, the art of printing seems raised above the ordinary level and bustle of common life, and surrounded by the same kind of dignified repose which especially belongs to the great libraries of Italy—those store-houses of accumulated science, the result of years of labour on the part of her learned men, and costly expenditure on the part of her princes.

There may have been many political and social evils connected with the division of Italy into a variety of States, each more or less despotically governed, but it must be owned that the emulation caused by that very fact stimulated a number of individual efforts whereby the treasures of classical learning were secured to the world, literature and the arts were cherished and protected, and the graver sciences promoted in the same manner. The rise and rapid progress of typography in Italy may also be traced to the same source. Italy has long sighed for unity and liberty, and, within the last few years, both these wishes have been accomplished. Great things are also expected from a form of government which seems to realize the wishes of her greatest sons. No longer

"Son le terre d'Italia tutte piene di tiranni."

No longer does Rome

"Vedova, sola, e di e notte chiama:

Cesare mio, perchè non m'accompagna!"

Cæsar, in the person of a native monarch, sits firmly in the no longer empty saddle, and upon a free country now devolves the duty of cherishing the genius which may spring out of her inexhaustible soil; yet must she never forget the debt which she owes to those princes by whose fostering care the great art of printing was uphelden during its early struggles for existence in Italy.

CATHERINE MARY PHILLIMORE.

<sup>1</sup> Commonly called the "Mazarin Bible," the edition being unknown until found about the middle of the last century in Cardinal Mazarin's library at Paris.—Hallam, *Lit. of Europe*, i. 153.

<sup>1</sup> *Purg. c. vi.*



## AN ELEPHANT KRAAL.

In the early part of 1870, the approaching visit of our sailor Prince caused intense excitement in the island of Ceylon. Coffee ceased for a time to be the engrossing subject of conversation, and a sincere desire was shown among all classes—both Europeans and natives—to give his Royal Highness a loyal reception. A considerable sum of money was voted by the local government for this purpose, and very charming were the decorations prepared by the natives, both at the pier where he was to land, and along the route from thence to the Government House. It is quite astonishing what taste the Cingalese display in these matters—with such materials as the leaves and branches of the coconut palm, interspersed with flowers and various tropical fruits, the mango, coconut, and pine-apple.

Perhaps the most striking sight of all was the immense crowd of natives—Cingalese, Tamils, and Moormen—in their bright and various-coloured dresses assembled to see him land. The native gentlemen, or chiefs, in rich and wonderful-looking garments, with their jewelled swords, also made a goodly show.

It is not my intention to describe the levees, balls, and receptions by which our gallant Prince was amused—or bored—but to pass on to the elephant kraals, which are, I believe, peculiar to Ceylon, and now but seldom witnessed even there. Sir Emerson Tennent, in his book on the island, has given an excellent description of one. Two kraals were got up for the Duke of Edinburgh, viz., at Kornegalle and Avishavella. The incidents of the latter I propose to describe, as they were in several respects different from that mentioned by Tennent, and such as to astonish the natives themselves.

Soon after the news of the Prince's visit arrived, the natives reported that there was a large herd of elephants near Avishavella. The locality having been found suitable, and a convenient distance

from Colombo, the capital, preparations were made by enclosing the herd with a cordon of several hundred natives, so as to keep the animals from leaving the neighbourhood, and a kraal was constructed. This word, however derived, means simply an enclosure, and consists of a very strong stockade, or palisade, the posts forming it being trees of considerable dimensions. The jungle within and without is left undisturbed, so that nothing may be seen to excite the suspicion of the elephants.

For months did the patient natives watch this herd day and night, though not without some murmurs, as his Royal Highness's visit was delayed, and his actual arrival took place two months later than was at first expected. Great fears were expressed that the herd would break the cordon, or that the natives could no longer be detained from their crops, as the seed-time was rapidly approaching; but no such misfortune occurred.

The Duke of Edinburgh landed, at last, on a Wednesday; and it was arranged that, after a grand reception and ball on the Friday, his Royal Highness was to start about seven on Saturday morning, and drive to Avishavella with the Governor in a light four-in-hand drag. The distance being about thirty-four miles, relays of horses were laid for him; the last fourteen miles of the distance had been cut through the jungle, and was reported as barely passable for wheels. Temporary bungalows for the Duke, the Governor, and some of the principal officials, had been erected at a convenient distance from the kraal on an elevated spot; and another place was selected for the general public on the banks of a stream, at a more remote distance, so that they should not disturb the elephants, and a little town of leafy huts sprang up for the occasion. I think I can best give an idea of the proceedings by describing

my own adventures, and what I actually witnessed.

I had at first decided that, being an elderly gentleman of somewhat lazy habits, I should best consult my personal convenience by remaining quietly at home, and trusting to my young friends for a description of the scene; in fact, the difficulties to be overcome were somewhat formidable. In the first place, it was necessary to have a habitation constructed for self and horse on the spot, and to have everything required to eat and drink carried thither by coolies. Then, the locality was declared to be feverish, and a ride of thirty-four miles—(the greater part over a bad road) under a tropical sun—appeared somewhat unsuited to my aged bones.

An opportunity, however, presented itself of joining a very agreeable party, with the prospect of most of the trouble being taken off my hands. I therefore gladly changed my mind. The party, including myself, numbered ten, chiefly staff-officers, with a couple of Civil Service officials; two of the officers brought their wives—a very agreeable addition. One of the ladies was a very charming Frenchwoman, possessed of much *savoir vivre* and understanding in all matters relating to the *cuisine*. Her husband had been many years stationed in the island; and when they consented to undertake the management of the expedition and make all arrangements, everyone felt that matters could not be in better hands, as was soon proved when we heard that a temporary bungalow, capable of containing the whole party, had been constructed in close proximity to the one designed for the Duke.

We also heard, with satisfaction, that an army of coolies had been despatched, carrying on their heads a regiment of live fowls, cooked hams, rounds of beef, innumerable tins of preserved soups, vegetables, and other dainties; also vast stores of champagne, hock, sherry, claret, and a small iceberg from far-off Wenham Lake; and last, not least, thirty dozen of soda-water—a necessity where good drinking water might be difficult to obtain. Moreover, it is desirable to

live well to ward off jungle-fever. We were all to make our own arrangements for reaching the scene of action, and for bringing our personal belongings. The younger and more active were to leave the ball at Government House soon after midnight, change their clothes, and ride or drive the thirty-four miles in the cool night air. Having, however, reason to think that nothing would be done on the first day, Saturday, I turned in and took my night's rest as usual. I had arranged with a gallant Colonel to be my travelling companion; and we despatched our horses at three in the morning, with orders to the horse-keepers to await us on the road, all being in charge of our head-boys (in Ceylon a personal servant is called "boy," whatever his age), also coolies carrying our jungle- or camp-beds, and portmanteaus. We had engaged places, days previously, in a coach to Hangewelle, about twenty miles from Colombo, and near the point where we were to strike into the jungle.

At Hangewelle there is a rest-house, as these bungalows are called. They are kept by the Government for the accommodation of travellers, and there is usually a native who is supposed to provide food. I hope, by the term "coach," my readers will not imagine one of those four-in-hand conveyances that used to be the pride of our English roads. Let him rather picture to himself a sort of four-wheeled dog-cart drawn by one horse, with a leather roof supported on iron rods to keep off the sun, and open at the sides—with six passengers besides the half-caste driver all in a very small space, and a couple of natives hanging on to the steps to help us out of difficulties.

We started at six in the evening; and in an hour it was quite dark. I shall say but little of the horrors of that journey with jibbing horses: suffice it to say that we were only once actually upset, and that we reached the rest-house at Hangewelle at half-past ten, having taken four hours and a half to accomplish twenty miles. Here we found our servants awaiting us with gloomy faces. It appeared that a rich native had

given the Duke a grand breakfast there when he passed through in the morning, and a parcel of young naval officers from the squadron had since arrived—having come up the river in a steam-launch—had eaten up every fragment of the feast, and now occupied every corner of the building in which it was possible to repose. Our servants were, however, equal to the occasion; they had put up our jungle-beds in a shed in the village—used during the day as a school-room for the infant niggers. It consisted of a roof supported on four pillars, with a clay floor, suggestive of snakes. We found our dressing things unpacked and our portmanteaus to sit on, but alas! nothing to eat. Our “boys,” however, foraged out a few eggs; and these, beaten up in some brandy from our flasks, with a few lumps of sugar the canny colonel had in his pocket, formed our supper, followed by a cheroot. We then turned into bed, in sight of such of the natives as were still awake, carefully tucking in the mosquito curtains to keep off those ever-present plagues.

The following morning we succeeded in getting a drop of very black and nasty coffee from a native hut, and started at six, on the track recently cut through the jungle; and, though the distance was only fourteen miles, we did not arrive at our destination until half-past ten A.M. Oh, how hot it was for the last three hours! in spite of a large pith-hat, shaped like a coalheaver’s, and a double umbrella; and so, also, thought my Arab, for he was white with foam, though I hardly took him out of a walk. The first indication of the end of our journey was a bungalow, where some jolly coffee-planters from the hills had established themselves a few days before. They are a wild and jovial race, when they meet together from their solitary life at the plantations. They had erected a triumphal arch of considerable dimensions across the road, and had employed their time so well, that the upper part was entirely composed of bottles—champagne and soda-water—all empty, and worked into various loyal devices and inscriptions.

On arriving at our own bungalow,

we found our friends starting to attend Divine service, each with his servant behind him carrying—not his prayer-book—but his chair. It was performed by the Government chaplain in the Governor’s bungalow. Our bungalow looked very nice; the central space was open back and front, contained a table of rough planks, and formed our *salle-à-manger*. On the left were two little rooms, like cabins on board ship, each holding the jungle-beds of three bachelors, and affording room for one to dress at a time; the cabins on the opposite side were occupied by the two married couples. The bungalow, outside, looked like a large rustic summer-house; it was formed of a framework of poles thatched with cajans—a sort of mat made from the leaves of the coconut palm. The sides were enclosed with gigantic Talipot leaves; the partitions of the sleeping-berths also Talipot leaves, carried up high enough to secure privacy. Our horses were stabled in a shed at some distance. There was a temporary kitchen at the back.

How glad we were to dress and breakfast, and then, sitting in the shady entrance of the bungalow, to gaze on the lovely forest scene. We were on the top of a hill, and could see the country for many miles around—a succession of rolling hills like the waves of the sea, but all covered with the virgin forest, with its luxuriant vegetation and various shades of colour. After Divine service there was a general move to see the “drive,” that is to say, the final operation of forcing the elephants into the kraal, which had been so long delayed for the Duke to witness.

His Royal Highness took up his position on a lofty crag which stood up almost perpendicular several hundred feet above the entrance to the narrow valley across which was the kraal—an enclosure of perhaps 400 yards long by 300 yards wide, the longer faces running parallel to the direction of the valley, and about halfway up its steep sides; the shorter faces crossed the ravine, and in the one nearest our position there was a narrow entrance for the elephants.

From the extremities of this face were projecting arms of the palisade, forming a sort of funnel, down which it was the object to drive the elephants; but the whole thing was so concealed by the foliage, as to be difficult to make out.

We took our place in silence so as not to alarm the elephants, and soon the shouts of the natives from the distant hills were heard, and we could make out the smoke of the line of fires with which the herd was enclosed. Gradually the natives drew closer, the shouts sounded louder, and the firing of muskets redoubled and became regular file-firing. Now the distant foliage is agitated, large black objects are seen moving, and the great herd of elephants is heard crashing through the jungle down the opposite hill! Now their dark forms can be seen more clearly. How many? Ten—twenty—thirty—more! The smaller trees give way before them; they are approaching the funnel leading to the kraal. Suddenly the leaders stop, the whole turn round and charge wildly back on the gradually contracting cordon of natives; but they hold their ground with great pluck, and the elephants turn again when almost touching the spear-points. The yells, the firing from the natives, become deafening; again and again the elephants turn and charge with increasing determination. Mr. S., the Government Agent of the province, and director of the proceedings, quits the Duke's side, runs down the hill, and places himself in the centre of the line of natives, with a memorable white umbrella in his hand, which he opens and shuts in the faces of the desperate animals. The natives are inspired with fresh courage, the line gradually contracts, the elephants still view the opening of the kraal with suspicion; at last a big fellow enters and the others follow, the natives rush up and secure the bars, and their work is done. Thirty-one large elephants and three small ones have entered. We now proceed down to the kraal, and are fortunate enough to obtain admission to the Duke's stand. This was erected nearly in the centre, sup-

ported on stumps of trees cut down to a height of about twenty-five feet and left standing. It was T-shaped, the top or cross part forming a commodious bungalow, with open sides, and handsomely furnished with sofas, tables, chairs, &c.; the long part of the T being a sort of wide bridge, that formed the approach from the entrance through the palisade which ran along the steep slope of the ravine. This bridge was also roofed over, and enabled a large number of spectators to witness the operations from it. It must have resembled those ancient pile buildings lately found in the Swiss Lakes. The tame elephants, with their mahouts on their necks, and wearing a sort of harness, now defile past the Royal stand. It is too late in the day to commence noosing the wild elephants, and the tame ones are employed in clearing the jungle round the stand, so as to leave an open space to enable us to see the operations of the next day. It was a most curious and interesting thing to see these sagacious brutes using their great strength as directed by their mahouts. Their mode of operating was to press their heads against a good-sized tree, and as it bent towards the ground to place their foot upon it, levelling it flat; then, placing the proboscis under it as it lay horizontal, to lift it out of the way, sometimes with a jerk pitching it from them. In a short time they had made a clearance for a considerable distance round the stand, leaving only some of the larger trees standing.

It being now late in the afternoon, we were all glad to move towards our bungalows to seek dinner and repose. The natives kept watch and ward outside the kraal all night, repulsing every attempt on the part of the elephants to break out, by thrusting at them with spears between the posts, and by yells sufficient to alarm even stronger nerves than those of elephants.

The next morning, at 8.30, after an early breakfast we went down to the Royal stand. Operations commenced by the native hunters entering the kraal, and with loud shouts driving

the elephants towards the cleared space in front of the stand, where eight tame elephants were drawn up, with their mahouts carrying spears. Behind one of them sat Lord C.—a wild young midshipman, ready for any dangerous fun. The wild ones now appear, breaking their way through the jungle, the smaller trees going down before them like grass. With considerable generalship they take up a position on the steep slope of the ravine nearly opposite to us. An enormous tusker appears to take the lead of the herd—in Ceylon elephants with tusks are the exception—and this one, who was evidently an old warrior, had only one tusk, a part of that too being broken off.

Six of the tame elephants (nearly all tuskers) advance uphill to meet the wild ones, who had the advantage of the ground; behind are the noosers, each carrying a long rope, and the whole are supported by the beaters with their spears. The wild ones are visible to everyone, drawn up in line with their tusker commanding officer in front; he waits until his enemies are half-way up the slope, then his trunk goes straight up in the air; he trumpets shrilly, charges straight down at a sharp trot on the leading and strongest of the tame elephants, their tusks clash together, they struggle head to head, to the astonishment of all, as it is known to be very unusual for the wild elephants to attack the tame ones on these occasions. The old tusker gradually forces his antagonist downhill, in spite of the yells of the natives, who point at him with their spears; he then suddenly leaves him, and charges the second tame one as he toils up the ascent, catches him on the broad-side, and with one butt, knocks him right over, leaving the poor beast on his back, with his feet up in the air, the poor mahout having gone flying through space; the other tame elephants now retire in a panic, the wild herd slowly withdraw, and the grand old tusker, after taking a good look at his discomfited foes, stalks quietly off, covering the retreat of his companions.

The excitement among the spectators

now rises to the highest pitch; the tame elephants are brought up, and with their united strength lift their fallen comrade on his legs. The natives once more commence to drive the wild herd, the tame ones again advance (Lord C. being judiciously recalled by order of the Duke), they meet again in a place where the trees prevent us from seeing the rencontre, and the result is, another tame elephant knocked right over by the undaunted old tusker. Things now have come nearly to a standstill; a regular state of funk has been established amongst the tame elephants and their mahouts, who cannot be induced again to approach the herd. For some time it seemed as if nothing could be done. The wild ones make repeated charges, and the natives show considerable courage in standing their ground, and driving them back with spears and shouts. It was curious to see how the elephants always avoided to pass under our stand, invariably going round it; had their sagacity been a degree or two greater, how easily they might have turned the tables on us, as they could without much difficulty have broken down the trees which supported the Royal stand, when the whole thing would have collapsed, and the occupants would have been thrown into the arena at their mercy. An elephant was secured by one of the hunters getting into a tree, and, dropping a noose on the ground, by jerking it up captured the elephant, who in passing had literally put his foot into it.

After a consultation amongst the native head-men, it was decided that nothing more could be done until the tusker was shot. It appeared now that he was a well-known "rogue" elephant who had killed a number of men in his time; that the natives knew of his being in the neighbourhood, and had endeavoured to drive him off, and thought that they had succeeded; but that he entered the kraal with the others at the last moment, in spite of all efforts to prevent him. After considerable difficulty a gun was procured—an old fowling-piece, I believe—and Lieut. L., R.A., who had some experience in elephant-



shooting in the jungle, volunteered to try his hand.

The herd had by this time drawn themselves up in line, within about a hundred yards of the stand, the old tusker standing in front of them like a squadron leader. L. advanced quietly to within about twenty yards of him, supported by the native beaters, who fringed the edge of the jungle, about the same distance to his rear.

L. drops on one knee; we hold our breath while he takes his aim; but oh, horror! snap goes the cap, the tusker's trunk goes up, and he trots forward; it seems all up with his tiny antagonist, when the natives rush forward with yells from the jungle; he hesitates, and slowly falls back. L. now fires, and this time the huge beast drops on his knees; a roar of applause goes up from the crowd outside the kraal; but the old tusker gathers himself up, none the worse, leads on a gallant charge, and *saute qui peut* is the order of the day. Mr. S., the hero of the white umbrella, now takes the gun, and apparently succeeds in placing two bullets in his head, but the brave beast seems none the worse. While thus being made a target of, he has advanced nearer to the stand, when the unexpected report of a shot from the high ground outside the kraal is heard. The tusker is seen to stagger; he has been struck behind the ear. The gallant old Rogue has got his death wound at last; he sinks quietly down, and falls dead; and lucky it was that this bullet fired by some reckless native had thus found its billet—otherwise, from the direction in which it came, it must have gone into the Royal stand!

The old tusker being dead, the tame elephants at once recovered their courage, and the work of noosing the others went on easily. The process is simple enough. Two tame ones follow the herd, until they can separate one from it; a couple of natives, skilful as noosers, are behind, and supported again by the native beaters in the rear, the noosers under cover of, and protected by the tame elephants (who will quickly interpose themselves when necessary for

their protection), get close up in rear of a wild one, and slip the noosed rope under his hind foot. The other end is then made fast to the collars of the tame beasts, who walk away with him to the rear, while he is resisting with all his efforts, and screaming like an enormous pig. A couple more tame elephants are now brought up, who get on each side of him, and butt and hustle him along as he struggles and tries to throw himself down. The rope is at last got round a tree, and he is hauled up to it, the tame ones continuing to butt and bully him, so as to prevent him from turning round, while the natives, with additional ropes, lash both hind legs to the tree; and then he is left to bellow and struggle, and be starved into tameness. In this way we saw six wild ones tied, and as it was now getting late, all followed the Duke's example and retired to dinner, well pleased with the results of the kraal and the strange incidents of the day.

The Duke and the great bulk of the visitors started at daybreak the next morning. As, however, I had made my arrangements not to leave till the afternoon, I went down after breakfast to see the remaining elephants secured.

The stand was occupied by only about a dozen Europeans and some native head-men. To understand what occurred it will be necessary to explain, that between the entrance through the side of the kraal and the commencement of the bridge that led to the stand, there was a space of five or six feet of ground, from which it was possible to go down into the kraal, but the ascent was so steep that it was not anticipated that anything could come up. While we were lounging about the stand, an elephant was suddenly heard trumpeting on the slope, and fiercely charging the natives who were endeavouring to drive him towards the noosers. Some one had just remarked how very awkward it would be if that fellow were to get up the side of the ravine, and come in amongst us, when there arose a roar, followed by a rush, and a general skurry among the natives standing at the entrance, and when I

looked round, there was an elephant standing on the space between the bridge and the palisade. He was evidently mad with fear, his trunk was up, and he trumpeted loudly. Just on this spot, an unfortunate photographer had erected his camera. The artist fled wildly up the bridge; the elephant looked for a moment at the apparatus, and then gave it a kick which sent it clattering from rock to rock down the side of the ravine; he then faced to his left, and placed his fore feet on the bridge.

"Then shrieked the timid, and stood still the brave,"

or rather the timid rushed back, bent on throwing themselves over, and the brave yelled while standing their ground, and waving umbrellas. I know for myself I had one eye on a tree which grew a few feet off, and was calculating the probability of an elderly gentleman succeeding in a 'monkey-like' jump into it; but the elephant, after gazing steadily at us for a few moments, and probably thinking wisely that his weight would be too much for the bridge, turned again and ran down the side of the ravine, on the opposite side of the bridge to that on which he came up.

In the afternoon, when the sun began to get low, the Colonel and myself started on our return journey. Long before we got to the end of the track through the jungle, we were in absolute darkness, my Arab stumbling so often over the bad road that I was right glad when we made out the rest-house at Hangewelle. This time it was absolutely empty, save an old coolie, who said the rest-house keeper was away, and there was nothing to eat; but my sharp Malay boy, Ahmet, got sight of an ancient fowl stalking through the compound. He was soon knocked over, and immediate steps taken to curry him. A few eggs were procured from the native huts, when sounds of approaching travellers were heard. They turned out to be three officers of the gallant "Perthshires," coming back from the kraal followed by a string of coolies, carrying back supplies.

These hospitable youths easily persuaded us to join them. In a short time, preserved venison soup, *pâté de foie gras*, our curry, and their c'aret and sherry, afforded a luxurious repast, to which we did ample justice.

As we have been talking of curry and the hospitable "Perthshires," I will relate an anecdote which refers to both.

The coffee-planters in the Hill Country are the most hospitable of men. In travelling through the coffee districts, it is usual to ride up to a bungalow and demand hospitality for man and horse, which is always gladly afforded. On one occasion it happened that so many travellers had called in succession on the same day at the bungalow of a certain planter, that his stores began to run short—not an unlikely occurrence at an isolated station, where all supplies have to be brought for miles on the heads of coolies. Late in the afternoon two officers were seen approaching; our planter was in despair. He called out, "Boy, try get something to eat for officer-gentlemen." After some delay an excellent curry came on the table, and the bitter beer not being exhausted, the two officers enjoyed their tiffin very much, and went on their way rejoicing.

A couple of days afterwards the planter missed his cat, and the following colloquy ensued:—"Boy, where is the cat?" "Oh, pardon, Master; other day nothing to eat for officer-gentlemen, me curry the cat!"

One more incident of the Duke's visit I must relate.

H.R.H. honoured a gallant regiment at Colombo by dining at their mess. Our garrison Chaplain was called on to say grace before dinner. The reverend gentleman, anxious to acquit himself in a manner worthy of the occasion, and yet disliking delay when his food was ready, delivered himself in a sonorous voice as follows:—"God save the Queen and bless the dinner—white soup, Boy," all in the same breath. Many and anxious were the inquiries among the astonished subalterns as we sat down,—if that was the usual form at Windsor Castle?